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NEW STATESMAN

'We have a secret vote... ...we are freelancers... ...we can spend what we like'

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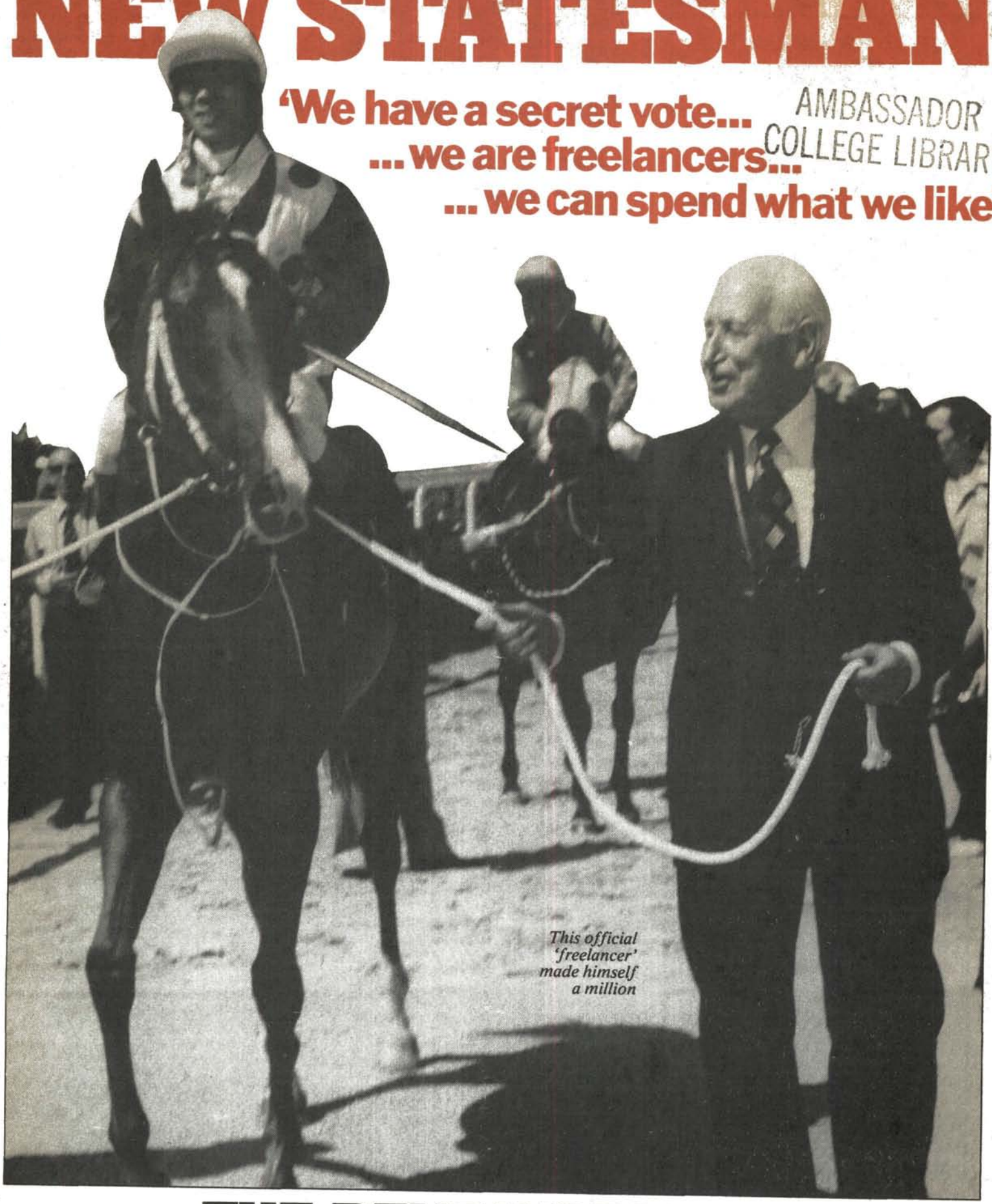

This official 'freelancer' made himself a million

THE BENT WORLD OF BRITISH INTELLIGENCE:

a story of crime and espionage

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NEW STATESMAN
Vol 99 16 May 1980 No 2565

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After the Years of Inaction

ELSEWHERE in this paper we publish an extract from an address by Tony Benn, one of the three Granada Guildhall lectures on the trades unions. Part of that lecture argues along the lines of the historian Keith Middlemas that an industrial consensus can no longer be patched up by the British establishment. Thatcherism represents an admission that class conflict is indeed unavoidable. But another part of the lecture, on which we concentrate if not endorse, looks forward by posing an old question — one which G.D.H. Cole asked the Labour Movement in a 1919 ILP pamphlet: 'The question which any active trade unionist ought to be asking himself today is not "how can I raise my wages under capitalism?" but how can I help fit my trade union and the trade union movement generally for the function of replacing capitalism in the control of industry.' Quite evidently, as the TUC's muted Day of Action has shown, if the union movement is not yet properly prepared let alone ready for the ambitious task of replacing capitalism, it is hardly equipped to defend itself from the Tories' offensive.

The Day of Action might have been an assertion of working class confidence. Instead not only has the leadership bunked off — whatever their ambivalence, did Walter Citrine go to Madeira and Ramsay Macdonald to China in the week before the General Strike? — but the whole exercise has been defensive. Yet the quality of the media attack on the Day of Action has not been that high. The Tories claim that the Day of Action will create unnecessary unemployment — few remarks could ever have been so comprehensively drowned by the sound of stones being hurled through glasshouses. The Tories claim and the judges agree that the Day of Action is a political and therefore illegal act: the ballot box is regarded as the sole legitimate means of self-expression. But political activity in the real world does not take place in tidy five year intervals with only MPs and councillors granted dispensation to indulge in more frequent politicking.

During the last Labour government it was not unknown for supporters of the Conservative Party to attempt to undermine implementation of the Labour Government's manifesto. The CBI lobbied and threatened for months in 1974 and 1975 to dilute and eventually neutralise the Industry Act. 'Non-political' institutions with leverage make decisions that both effect politics and are also based, explicitly or implicitly, on political assumptions. For example, City investors withdrew support for the pound in 1976 until the IMF and the US Treasury were allowed to introduce monetarism to Britain; and in 1978 Denis Healey's budget had to be recast solely to suit the wishes of the institutional fund managers once they had refused to buy gilts. It is true that neither the City nor the CBI withdrew their labour, but that it is not how such interest groups need to express their power.

Whatever the spuriousness of the Tory attack on the Day of Action, however, the decision to call it was probably unpopular with a majority of trade unionists. The TUC has expended vast energies in the past decade chasing high wages and losing out to inflaton. During the chase it has used up some public goodwill, sapped the idealism of many of its members and fallen out with its political arm with little sign that either side has learnt from the experience. On basic socialist questions — international trade, income differentials, industrial democracy — the TUC remains as divided as it has ever been. As union membership has grown from 27 per cent of the population in 1927 to 50 per cent in 1974, the coherence of the movement seems to have evaporated. Almost as a reaction to that incoherence the union leadership has withdrawn from its membership and wandered aimlessly in the dark of corridors of Whitehall. In the last year the union leaders have stumbled out of those corridors and are trying to adjust to the light. Tony Benn is right to argue (though we are far less optimistic that this will happen) that union leaders need to search through their own organisational and democratic structures to find ways of involving the membership and giving them more power. Some unions have been doing this — NUPE, SCPS, Nalgo and the UPW. But most remain archaic, inefficient and irrelevant to their membership. Until that changes Days of Action will remain rituals and substitutes for action.

NOTES

'Berufsverbot' comes to Glasgow

Anna Coote writes: An inspectress at Rolls-Royce's Hillingdon aero-engine factory near Glasgow has been sacked after eight weeks' employment. The company's official complaint is that she gave false information on her job application form — by supplying her maiden name rather than her married name. However, the real motive may have been that she was recognised as a prominent trade unionist and a member of the Communist Party. (Neither allegiance is yet illegal in the UK.)

Kathie McDonald separated from her husband more than a year ago. In May 1979 she informed both the DHSS and the Inland Revenue that she no longer wished to be known by her husband's name of Dobie. As far as the law is concerned, she had every right to use her maiden name throughout her marriage; and her employers at Newton Mearns hospital, where she was working as a nursing auxiliary, already knew her as McDonald.

Her previous employers, STC in East Kilbride, has made her redundant three years earlier when the plant closed down; as AUEW convenor she had played a conspicuous part in fighting the closure and at the time she had been known as Kathie Dobie. She was unemployed for a year before she landed the hospital job — but that involved weekend work and once she was separated she had difficulty combining it with the care of her three children.

In August 1979 she was interviewed for a job with Rolls Royce by the Chief Personnel Officer, Angus McFarlane. 'I filled in the application form while I was sitting in front of him', Ms McDonald recalls. 'It asked me to say whether I was married, widowed, single or divorced and I explained that none of the categories applied, as I was separated.' Rolls Royce eventually offered her a job as inspectress in February this year. At an induction session with the trade union convenor on her first day, she caught sight of her application form: 'I noticed some black ink writing on it which hadn't been there when I completed it. The name Dobie had been added.'

There were no complaints about the quality of her work in the following eight weeks. The foreman had only praise for her and the superintendent of her

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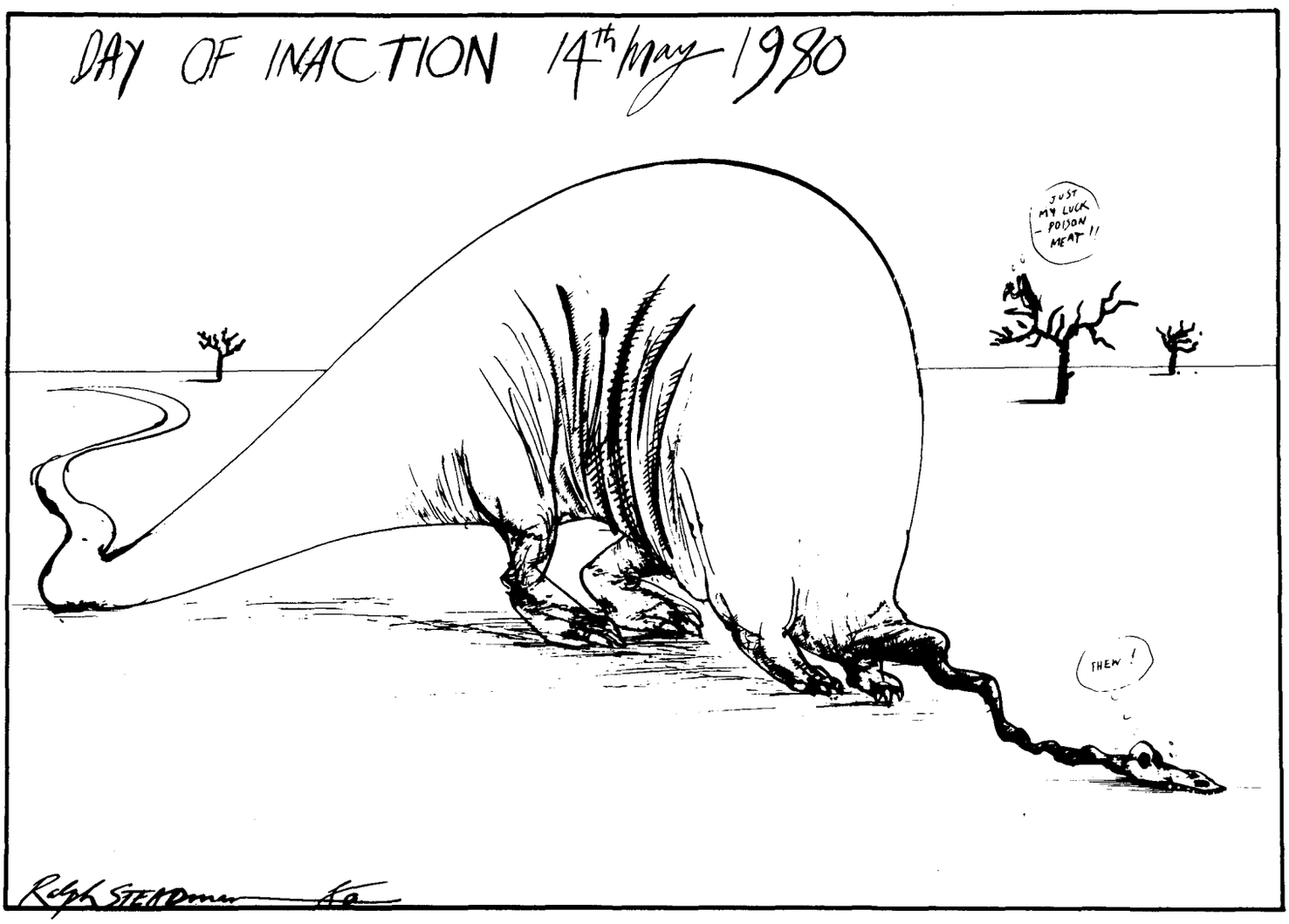

NOTES

department told the union convenor that he considered her a good worker. On 18 April she was suspended; the company posted notices around the factory announcing that she had falsified her aplication form. On 22 April she was formally dismissed.

Her hopes of redress are slim. The workforce voted (narrowly) against industrial action. She cannot bring a complaint of unfair dismissal under the general provisions of the Employment Protection Act, because of the one-year qualification period. The Act's special provisions for trade unionists have no qualification period, but do not cover victimisation for activities at previous workplaces. She is now considering a complaint under the Sex Discrimination Act, on the ground that a man would not be expected to provide his wife's maiden name as his own surname on a job application form. Rolls Royce has refused to comment.

The Great and The Good

Martin Bailey writes: In June 1977 Lawrence Speare, a wealthy councillor and businessman in Plymouth, was found guilty of six offences of failing to declare an interest during council debates on the establishment of an open air market in the town. He has now been appointed to a national consumers' council by Trade Secretary John Nott.

Speare's nomination for an appointment to one of the nationalised industries' consumer councils was submitted to the Department of Trade by Devon County Council in April 1977. This was two months before Speare's conviction, but some months *after* the offences had been committed. Indeed the case had first been referred to the Director of Public Prosecutions by Plymouth Council's chief executive in December 1976. For nearly three years the name of Lawrence Speare lay in the government's book of 'The Great and The Good' — the secret list of worthy men (and a handful of women) whose names are considered for service on the hundreds of committees and commissions which have proliferated in recent times. Then, earlier this year, John Nott appointed him to the Domestic Coal Consumers' Council.

The Department of Trade now claims that it was never informed of Speare's conviction, and that on the details supplied by Devon Council the businessman seemed 'eminently suitable' for the consumers' council. But the Department's spokesman added that 'certain points concerning Mr Speare's appointment are now under investigation'.

Speare's offences in themselves should perhaps not have automatically barred him from the appointment, but it is disturbing that this relevant information was not passed on by Devon Council to the Department of Trade. Alan Clark, Tory MP for Plymouth Sutton, argues that it is much more than a local scandal: 'The fact that the government department which appointed Speare was not even aware of his conviction raised serious questions about the way these posts are filled.'

Chapple's Cardiff row

Bruce Kennedy writes: The leadership of the Cardiff branch of the Electrical Electronic Telecommunication and Plumbing Union, the latest to be suspended by Frank Chapple and his union executive for political extremism, has begun the fight to end the ban. After consulting solicitors this week, Philip Baker, the branch chairman, has written to Chapple asking for a copy of the report which the executive claims was the basis of its unanimous decision last month to suspend Cardiff. The report was prepared by Mike Aitken, the branch secretary, who is also a full-time union official. Mr Baker has told Mr Chapple he was 'surprised and, indeed, bewildered' at the suspension, particularly as he had never seen the report. At the same time, Mr Baker has sent a 1,000 word detailed reply to the criticisms of the branch to every member of the executive asking them to reconsider their decision.

Cardiff is the biggest branch of the union in Wales and has been engaged in a long-running fight with the executive. It was shut four years ago when it was formed by the amalgamation of two separate branches. Local opposition to the link-up meant no officials could be elected. Two years ago it was suspended in another row and last year Pip Jones the then chairman was removed from office for two years, after criticising Mr Chapple in a letter to a local paper. The ban was upheld by a TUC Appeals Committee.

In a letter to all 2,300 members Mr Chapple has explained that the branch has now been suspended because: 'A small group of members monopolise the branch meeting place to express their own extreme political views and their opposition to any decision taken by the executive.' He adds that the branch was used to promote and distribute unofficial circulars, presumed to be the *Socialist Worker* newspaper or the rank and file *Contact* magazine, which attacked union policy.

The criticism from Mr Chapple that has most upset Cardiff branch officials is the claim that the General Purposes Fund, used to help individual members in hardship, has not been used, to quote the Chapple letter, 'prudently'. Mr Baker, the branch chairman, says in his letter to the executive, 'The wording of the paragraph has caused members to think that corruption exists in the branch', and he adds that one newspaper, the *Daily Star* on 24 April, actually said that £500 had been 'mis-used.'

According to Mr Chapple, in early 1979 it became clear to the union's executive that the Fund was not being used 'prudently in that substantial grants were being made and more than one to individual members.' The executive decided that all further requests should be referred to them. In the period

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up to December 1979, Mr Chapple says 25 grants were requested, totalling £1,089. Of this, he adds, £525 was requested in ten grants for six members, five of whom regularly attended branch meetings. Mr Baker has told the executive, 'To my knowledge whenever the branch has requested the use of the fund it has been for cases considered by the branch to be deserving.' Where more than one request had apparently been made for the same individual he explains that this was because the executive had rejected the first request which the branch had re-submitted because they still felt it was a hardship case. He says only about six grants had been paid of the 25 requested, totalling about £300. He himself was turned down for a grant at a time when he was not chairman, but when he was out of work and his wife was eight months pregnant. He says, 'A feeling exists in the branch that regular attenders of meetings are now excluded from the entitlement.'

Frank Chapple specifically referred to a vote of no confidence in Mr Aitken passed by the branch. According to Mr Baker in his letter to the executive, the branch had invited Wyn Bevan, the Port Talbot Steelworkers' leader, to present their long service awards. Mr Aitken, without telling them, invited Plumbing Divisional Officer Bill Gannon. The branch had not known at the time that a rank and file member could not present the awards and had received no guidance from Mr Aitken.

Mr Bevan won last year's election to the executive for South Wales and the West. But last October on legal advice the executive declared the election null and void. Mr Baker said: 'We had always considered him anyway to be our executive councillor for the area. We had disagreed as a branch with the reason the executive gave for not ratifying the election.' The reason was a leaflet which urged union members to vote for Mr Billy Williams, a Cardiff Branch member, now working in Saudi Arabia. The leaflet added that members should vote for Mr Bevan as their second choice. The election is run under the single transferable vote system and this type of electioneering is banned under union rules.

That election is about to be rerun; ballot papers are expected to be sent out to the 40,000 members this week. Only three of last year's candidates are standing again: Bevan himself, who has been nominated by more than 40 branches, although only three are needed; John Crabb, the Devonport Dockyards leader, who ran Bevan closest last time and Colin Hudson, a former Ebbw Vale steelworker.

Neither cruel nor unusual

Michael Meacher writes: Last week the High Court ruled that the 'control unit' set up in secrecy at Wakefield prison did not constitute 'cruel and unusual' punishment and therefore did not contravene the 1688 Bill of Rights. In a judgment which took more than six hours to deliver, Mr Justice Tudor Evans concluded that the Home Office had neither acted unlawfully in detaining prisoner Michael Williams in the control unit, nor overreached its powers in setting up the unit in the first place.

Williams, one of six prisoners detained in the control unit, was helped by the National Council for Civil Liberties to sue the Home Office. He alleges — and it has not been denied — that he was held in solitary confinement for 23 hours a day for three months, in a barren cell with lights on all the time; that the prison staff were deliberately distant towards him; and that he was watched while on the lavatory and in the shower. If he behaved in a 'civil and co-operative' fashion he was promised limited human contact for a further three-month stretch. But if he offended in any way, he would have to return to day one of the schedule and start all over again. Yet none of this, apparently, did the court consider to be 'cruel' punishment, let alone 'unusual'.

Much to the discomfort of the Home Office, the NCCL obtained through the case a mass of secret documents, including some relating to the original plan for special units, which envisaged a 'spare but not spartan' regime with an atmosphere 'sufficiently relaxed to encourage the establishment of worthwhile relationships between staff and inmates'. The documents have provided an invaluable insight into the machinations of the Department — revealing not only how the plan was transformed to create a thoroughly spartan regime aimed at 'behaviour modification', but also how civil servants manoeuvred to keep the public and MPs in the dark. Evidently, had there been some kind of Freedom of Information Act which allowed members of the public to inspect the early plans, the control units would never have been set up.

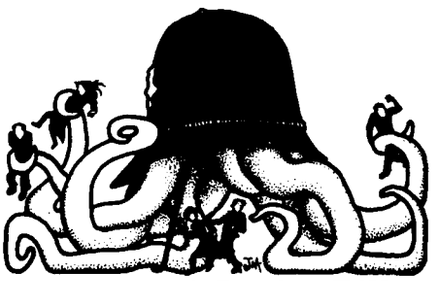
The Home Office has vigorously resisted attempts to 'discover' the documents, claiming it was not in the public interest to hand them over. Even now, it seems determined to prevent any further scrutiny of the embarrassing paperwork. The rules of court stipulate that documents which are discovered in the course of a lawsuit should not be used for any purpose other than for the trial: the Home Office is threatening to sue NCCL's Legal Officer for allegedly drawing some of the documents in the control units case to the attention of the press. The NCCL points out that these had been exhibited in court and as such were already available to reporters.

Artistic point

Peter Bonnici wishes to make it clear that his cover illustration last week was 'after' a drawing by Ron Cobb.

STERN FELLOWSHIP

The Laurence Stern Fellowship for 1980, details of which were given in the NS of 7 March, has been awarded to David Leigh of the *Guardian*. David Leigh has won acclaim for his coverage of civil liberties; he also conducted the interview with a Thorpe juror which the NS published last year.



Criminal Justice Bill

The House of Commons committee considering the Criminal Justice (Scotland) Bill spent all its time last week discussing the controversial new power of Detention, which amounts to a kind of arrest without the full formalities and redress available under formal arrest. NORMAN BUCHAN makes his second report.

> With great respect, if [a suspect] has been detained, he is not dis-detained by the passing of time. He is only dis-detained by de-detention. He is *wrongly* detained by the passage of time. . .

So spoke the Solicitor General, and it must be said that it was one of his clearer definitions. For it looks more and more as if this new power of Detention has opened a Pandora's Box of ambiguities and vagueness.

Its real weakness — and therefore its danger — is that it formalises administrative police procedures without judicial safeguards. In theory it regularises the fiction of the old "voluntary" system ("A man is helping the police with their enquiries"). What produced the opening quotation from the SG was the question: What happens at the end of the statutory six hours detention? We argued — in Amendment 20 — that a man couldn't be detained any longer — he had either to be informed of his right to go, or be formally arrested and charged. It would be illegal to detain him would it not?

Yes, said the SG, he would be wrongfully — he avoided using the words "not legally" — detained, but the "amendment was not acceptable for a variety of reasons." He proceeded to launch an extraordinary attack upon Labour members: "If Labour members are so suspicious of the police that the whole of the police manual and all the instructions of Chief Constables and all the guidelines of Secretaries of State have to be written into statute, perhaps it would help some of them could be recruited into the police force. . . We would then see how they would do the job, trammelled around as they want to make it, with all sorts of statutory difficulties. . . "

It was in vain that we pointed out to him that he couldn't have it both ways: either he was formalising the position or he wasn't. If he was, then the legal consequences bit both ways; the police themselves would be the most in trouble if they ignored the new formality.

The Government seem continually surprised when confronted by the consequences of their own proposed law. They have brought in a whole series of last minute amendments to accommodate us in several minor ways; the timing of the six hour detention period is now to start at the moment of police contact — and not just at arrival at the police station. (Or, at least, it is intended to achieve that — frankly, they haven't got it right yet.)

It is in this curious hybrid stage of arrested non-arrest that police interrogation can begin. And it is this which has, properly, led to the fiercest debates. We attempted to limit questioning at this — non-judicial — stage only "to enable police to establish identity." We lost. It raises a major point. In recent years more and more flexibility has been taking place in the "admissibility" of evidence; the test of "Fairness" has now become the main criterion. But now this main, non-formal criterion will extend into a period of interrogation unprotected by proper judicial procedures. Donald Dewar summed it up: "I believe that either abuse will creep in or the very proper care that the court at present exercises will slip back and we will allow in evidence that which at present we would not properly allow."

These words echoed in a way a speech made a year ago which said that there was frequent challenging of police statements: "If there is this unfortunate and undesirable questioning of the credibility of the police with regard to written statements, we shall get it all the more under this procedure." It referred to Detention — and was spoken by (who else?) the present Solicitor General.

The Sixth Sitting of the Committee ended still on Clause 2 — Detention — and still on the question of interrogation. We shall be pressing for tape-recording; the Government will no doubt reply that we can rely on good police practice. But a certain brittleness in the latter stages of the Committee suggests that even Law Officers were beginning to understand that formalities can bring their own disadvantages — even in police procedures.

P.S. An unfortunate mistake crept into last week's piece during the editing process. It is, of course, in Clause 1 and not in the Judicial Examination section that questioning could begin without any cautioning.

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SWEDEN
Francis Castles

The labour movement has won

The Swedish General Strike

THE OUTCOME of the Swedish General Strike, which was settled earlier this week, was a resounding victory for the trades unions. Furthermore it would be wrong, however tempting, to see the strike as the first signs of the Swedish consensus cracking under the strains of capitalism in crisis. Although the employers justified their intransigent stance by reference to their fears for future economic prosperity, latest estimates suggest that industrial production is likely to increase by about 4 per cent in 1980, following an increase of 6-7 per cent in 1979.

It is hardly surprising that the strike surprised the rest of the world. For four decades, Scandinavia — and Sweden in particular — has been the model for peaceful industrial bargaining and social consensus. Resting on the Basic Agreement hammered out between the highly centralised trade union confederation (LO) and the equally monolithic employers' organisation (SAF) in 1938, strike activity, however measured, has until now been negligible. Wage agreements have been entered into by the centralised confederations on an annual or biannual basis, binding on the whole of Swedish industry — although with some measure of flexibility for upward adjustment in particular sectors — and these agreements have been strictly adhered to. The only minor disputes to occur were either as a result of non-official action (for example, among steel workers in the North of Sweden caused as much by frustration with an oligarchic union structure as by antagonism to the employers) or among non-blue collar groups.

Recently we have been confronted by a wholly different picture. Some 25 per cent of the Swedish labour force was either on strike or locked out by the employers. In addition the overtime and hiring ban by some 1.2 million public sector employees caused severe difficulties for urban mass transit and emergency services. The cause was the SAF's proposal that current wage contracts should be extended unchanged on the basis that there was no room for wage increases without immediately risking a higher rate of inflation and declining international competitiveness.

The trade union's response was to demand an across the board 11 per cent wage increase to compensate for the existing level of inflation as the only means to prevent a real decline in living standards. In an important sense the employers were the provocateurs in the dispute: they made the first offer — 0 per cent — from which they would not budge and as the unions took selective industrial action, the employers locked out more and more workers. The natural question to ask is what has changed on the Swedish industrial scene to transform the model harmony into bitter and protracted confrontations. To answer that question requires some examination of the basis on which that harmony rested. There have, in the main, been two explanations: the existence of a political consensus among Swedes about equality and welfare and, second, the existence of institutionalised mechanisms to resolve conflict in the labour market. Recent events seem to disprove the first of these explanations and anyway it ignores the fact that prior to the mid-1930s

A.P.

Footballers play in strike-bound airport

Sweden's strike record was certainly no better than that of most European nations. As late as 1931 a group of strikers was fired at by the police with fatal consequences.

The second explanation goes some way too towards explaining industrial harmony, but is incomplete. Large-scale trade unionism organised on an highly centralised basis — in a country with 8 million inhabitants — did make it possible for employers and employees to reach agreements which were binding on both sides. Moreoever, the fact that if used, the strike or lockout weapons would have massive impact led to a situation which can be likened to the balance of nuclear terror presumed by the deterrence theory.

That the strike happened nonetheless is only surprising because one crucial element has been neglected in the institutionalised conflict theory. The big battalions in the labour market could only reach an accord because of the political balance of forces in the society as a whole. The government is the final arbiter which guarantees the conditions under which the conflict will be conducted. For four decades that arbiter was the Social Democratic Party which could alternatively cajole the unions into believing that wage restraint was in their collective long-term interest or push the employers into offering more. Since 1976 the arbiter has been a bourgeois coalition, whose 'hands-off' policy has implied that the labour market battle should go to the strongest.

Thus the government started out refusing to intervene. But the particular calculations which entered into the dispute were complex. Apart from the simple wage dispute the unions made the political calculation that the time to show their strength was before a Social Democratic government was returned to power. Moreoever, the party and union leadership is highly cohesive, and it may well be that the struggle was seen as a wedge to topple a government which won the narrowest of victories inlast September's election.

In the end, the strike was settled by the government assuming the intervenionist stance of the Social Democrats and recommending a wage increase of 6.8 per cent for industrial workers and 7.3 per cent for public sector workers. The employers, after initially rejecting the proposal as damaging to the economy and calling for a change in the Swedish wage bargaining system, agreed following appeals from the government. It would therefore be a mistake for the British Labour Party movement to assume that the Swedish model was not all that it has been cracked up to be. It may be more interesting — in this week in particular — to reflect on the degree of union and class solidarity which allows such a strike to continue for a substantial period, and to envy a labour movement which successfully mobilises its greatest strength when the working class are not in power.

Locked out

Denis MacShane adds: Trade unions in Sweden — and West Germany — are increasingly worried about the use by their respective employers' federations of the lock-out: for every worker the Swedish unions pulled out on strike, the employers locked out another ten.

To begin with Svenska Metall, roughly the equivalent of the AUEW, took strike action against only two out of Volvo's fifteen car, bus and truck plants. The aim was to apply pressure without a complete disruption of output. Volvo responded by locking out all 20,000 employees. Some firms like, Swedish Steel locked out thousands of workers even though no strike was threatened against them.

In West Germany the unions are nervously awaiting a ruling from the federal labour court on whether lock-outs are legal under the constitution. Increasingly employers are resorting to the tactic. In a bitter dispute over new technology the German Printworkers Union IG Druck und Papier came close to bankruptcy — and given the immense financial resourses of German trade unions that is really saying something — because of the lock-outs organised by the employers. During a 1978 strike involving the German Engineers Union IG Metall, only 3 per cent of its total membership of 2.7 million were on strike. Dm43 million were paid out in strike pay but IG Metall had to spend an extra Dm82 million to its locked out members. Svenska Metal paid out £15 million a week in strike and lock-out pay.

Two previous labour court cases blessed the employers' use of the lock out in West Germany. On 25th May the Federal Labour Court must give a definitive interpretation of the constitution and declare lock-outs legal or not. A study by a former West German Labour minister showed that West Germany stood alone — until the Swedish conflict that is — in Europe in having major industrial disputes in which more workers are locked out than go on strike. As Heinz Vetter, President of the DGB, West Germany's Trade Union Confederation, said: 'For workers the strike is a necessary prerequisite to collective bargaining. The lock-out puts the basic right to strike in doubt again.' If the federal court rules against the unions they will have to rethink their tactics for strike action. As in Sweden, the German unions have discovered that a consensual approach to industrial relations does not permanently guarantee a commitment to compromise from the employers.

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Towards a new Settlement

IN THE GRANADA GUILDHALL lecture on Thursday, Tony Benn argued for a less centralised, more democratic and more political trade union movement less wedded to the narrow economism of the past. The debate which this part of his speech (printed below) may stir up should not take place without some consideration of the analysis which preceded it. Few members of the Labour front bench, and few trade union leaders, will subscribe to Benn's view of their past behaviour, even if others to the left have heard it, or said it, before.

In reviewing the history of the trade union movement and the Labour Party, Benn refers to the way in which they had helped to ameliorate the harshness of market forces. Intelligent Conservatives such as Macmillan also saw the virtue of a planned economy, and so a new political consensus emerged. Its supporters within the Labour Party argued that a reformed capitalism could provide for their needs. They gathered support from trade union leaders who both used their power to defeat socialists and happily moved on to boards and quangos of all kinds.

But the consensus collapsed with the poor performance of the British economy internationally. The power of labour increased with full employment but stop-go policies weakened the power of capital. The problems of the economy were thus blamed on unions, whose power was to be contained by incomes policies.

However, consensus politics were bound to fail because they were based on the illusion that real conflicts of interest could be wished away by managed capitalism and public expenditure on jobs. As support for the consensus weakened, its supporters became more authoritarian, constructing the embryo of the corporate state. But the price of the corporate state was too high for both capital and labour as it involved them both in giving up too much. So the current government has taken a different approach, tackling what it sees as the fundamental problem of low profits by cuts in workers' living standards and in the public spending on which the workers depend. To meet the obstacle of the trade unions a triple attack is being made: anti-union laws, harsh economic policies and a sustained campaign to suggest that the unions are to blame. Even a senior British diplomat is allowed to muse in public that the unions may have outlived their usefulness. The government campaign is well supported by the media which suggests in its style and selection of coverage that the unions are responsible for all our economic difficulties.

IT IS HARD to escape the conclusion that the government policies now being implemented involve far more than having a Chancellor of the Exchequer who watches the movement of money supply very carefully; or having spending Ministers anxious to cut down on wasteful items that may have crept into public expenditure. We are in reality at the receiving end of a comprehensive strategy devised to end full employment, dismantle the Welfare State, widen social inequalities and reduce working people to a state of greater subservience to their employers. To achieve this, trade unionism as it has grown in Britain, has got to be driven back and neutralised as a serious force in industry and politics.

The inevitable response of the trade union movement to these developments will be — and is — to seek to defend the gains already made by campaigning publicly against unemployment and cuts in public expenditure, and for policies which would lead to economic expansion, a return to full employment and an extension of public provision. This campaign is already in full swing. The trades union movement is learning the lessons of its own history and preparing to re-fight battles that, a generation ago, were thought to be settled forever. What then are those lessons?

First that the basic right to organise free trade unions is the foundation of a free society; and that any attempt to reduce or remove them must be resisted vigorously. The dissenting belief that places conscience before the law is also a part of that tradition; and it would be extremely unwise to assume that laws which purported to remove those inherent rights would be accepted without defiance. In this connection it is necessary to distinguish between revolutionary action to replace Parliament and law-breaking in pursuit of conscientious objection.

Since the trades union movement believes itself, correctly, to have been a major founding force of Parliamentary democracy through its support for the Chartists and others, it is not likely to reject its own history by seeking the overthrow of a government freely elected. But there will always be some individuals who would rather face jail that accept unjust laws which they believe would take away basic rights. The arrest of the five dockers in 1972 and their release after the TUC had decided upon national strike action, offers a recent example of what could easily happen again.

Another lesson now being learned again, is that the power of capital used that consensus period to strengthen its relative position at a time when the mass media were busy telling everyone that it was the unions who were running the country. The consolidation of capital into fewer and fewer hands, and the development of multinational corporations allowed the restraints imposed by national Parliaments, even with a Labour majority, to be sidestepped completely. The international bankers could also move their money freely across frontiers and impose policies upon nation States by creating crises of confidence that were miraculously ended when capital had its way.

It is true that the trade unions also had real power when they chose to use it, and had influence at the highest Ministerial level, but with the passage of time it became clear that even the loyalty of trade union leaders to consensus policies could make them a vehicle for winning the consent of their members for policies which were not in their interests, as happened with the cuts imposed by the IMF in 1976.

Seen from one point of view, union involvement in government decisions was a necessary condition for the maintenance of an economic system that is inherently unfair and chronically unsuccessful. In the long sweep of history, the fact that capitalism now requires a key role for Labour if it is to retain its public acceptability, may be counted as an advance of a kind. But it has not escaped the attention of the labour movement that such a sterile partnership was not what it set out to achieve, and that trade union involvement has not secured any lasting gains. There is a renewal of interest in socialism, caused by the growing realisation within the unions that no government, however well intentioned, would be able to achieve full employment and maintain the welfare state within the limits set by market forces.

But there is also trade union anxiety. It is being seriously argued that the high level of inequality that will be required to restart the old capitalist motivation to invest would be so unacceptable that it cannot be carried through with electoral consent, and that Parliamentary democracy itself as well as trade union rights may be threatened in the process.

To put it in plain language 40 years of experience of trying to pretend that welfare capitalism was possible, successful and permanent and could melt away the conflict of interest between labour and capital have proved that it cannot be done. If capital is to consolidate its electoral victory it must now go on to pulverise labour's power base in industry and neutralise its political voice and Parliamentary prospects.

WHEN THE monetarists have completed their task and in the process have lost the public support which gave them their initial Parliamentary majority a new government will be elected to reconstruct the economy on a new basis. The task will be a massive one comparable to the post-War task undertaken by the Attlee Administration.

If public support for this reconstruction is to be won, the trade union movement in particular, has to rethink its own vision of its role in much bolder terms, if it is to widen its appeal to those beyond its own ranks. Basic trade union rights must be re-established and entrenched in law; and these must include the right to organise, to be recognised, to negotiate pay and conditions, to withdraw labour as a sanction and to picket effectively.

Wage negotiation by collective bargaining must necessarily remain a central feature of trade union activity because it is about the distribution of the surplus earned in the course of production of goods and services and directly affects the living standards of those employed. Moreover the arguments that surround wage negotiations reveal the true power relations in industry and educate workers in the nature of that power structure and in the problems of the business.

The fatal flaw in all permanent statutory incomes policies which seek to impose pay set-

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tlements from above is that they remove the authority of management as well as unions and frustrate the negotiations upon which all good industrial relations depend.

However it should now be clear that wage claims alone — however successful — do not necessarily alter the balance of real power in industry. High wage settlements can be neutralised by inflation, offset by redundancies or clawed back in taxation, while industrial and political power remain in the same hands. Trade unionism confined narrowly to wage claims can become something of a dead end.

Moreover because industrial disputes about wages involving the withdrawal of labour are essentially negative in character they may not always command whole-hearted support amongst the workforce and may alienate public opinion without getting to the root of the problem which is the uneven distribution of power as between capital and labour.

That is why the trade union movement has been pressing for many years for an extension of the role of collective bargaining to encompass the whole range of company decisions. Health and safety has always been a top priority for the unions and the new legislation has created the rights of joint determination in this field. Pressure for the joint control of pension funds — which are deferred wages — have so far not met with success.

Next on the agenda for trade union negotiation must be an agreement for the joint planning of the whole range of company policy including decisions about research, development, marketing, investment, mergers, manpower planning and the distribution of profits, with a requirement to agree on all these matters before company policy is decided. To make this effective a full disclosure of information will be necessary and this will require legislation.

To be effective in securing a real sharing of power the development of joint trade union or shop stewards' committees will have to go a great deal further, working closely with regional and national officers. Joint shop stewards committees and combines offer the best hope for securing the degree of real power and real responsibility that must together comprise the basis of a new settlement. Branch meetings at the place of work would also help to increase the involvement of all the membership.

All large organisations will, as they grow, come up against the problem of bureaucracy and be required to look at their power structures so as to be sure that they do not become corporatist and undemocratic. Trade unions are no exception to this rule and it is no accident that the issue of democracy within the labour movement has been so keenly discussed in recent years. Democracy cannot be imposed from the top and from the outside by the use of the law. It must be secured by devising institutions which guarantee the accountability of the top echelons to those they serve and not the disciplining of the rank and file by their leaders.

Many unions do have provisions for ballots in their own constitutions, as do the miners, but these are as a result of their own democratic decision and they work because they are accepted. They could not work if they were imposed from the outside.

Given the power which the unions have, and the degree of authority which they choose for practical reasons to vest in their national and regional officers, it would be quite natural if, within the unions, there was growing pressure to follow the experience of parliamentary democracy and increasingly provide for regular elections, for re-selection, for a full disclosure of information and for the strengthening of accountability and the democratic disciplines that that involves. All these issues will no doubt be hotly debated in the future. Democracy always arouses controversy because it is about real power.

It follows from all this that a massive expansion of trade union education will be required. Such an educational programme must be conceived on the broadest possible basis. The training of trade union officers and representatives is already conducted on a wide scale by many unions. But to be fully effective sights must be set much higher. Children at school should be able to learn about the history, principles, organisation and work of the trade union movement to prepare them for their life's work — in classes at which active trade unionists could speak.

There must be also a great expansion of access programmes to allow the trade unions to speak directly to the people about their problems, aspirations and work, free from the present distortion and imbalance. The right to picket is basically a right to inform those who seek to enter the workplace of the nature of the dispute in order to solicit their support. The more picketing can be seen in its educational context and the less it can be presented as a mere show of force the better. In this connection the decision by some trade unions to assume responsibility for maintaining essential services during the winter of 1978/79 was a significant advance on the alternative pattern of blank confrontation circumvented by the use of troops. But above all internal trade union education should be extended far beyond the immediate industrial issues into a study of the whole national and international background against which their industrial work is undertaken.

One of the charges made against the trade union movement is that it tends to be too narrow in its own perception of its task. This charge is in part based on ignorance of the real work that is undertaken. The trade unions were, for example, the pioneers in calling for a proper concern with the environment at work including health and safety for employees and protection against industrial disease.

The early campaigns which led to the Factories Acts, the establishment of the Inspectorate, and against pollution, came from the unions. As technology intensifies this problem has become of major importance over the whole community, as the issue of nuclear safety proves, and the unions could and should do even more to champion the public interest against the irresponsible use of commercial or industrial power. It is here that their co-operation with community groups should be developed.

Another area of expansion lies in the affirmative action in defence of the interests of women workers, both at work and in the provision of nursery schools, creches and the growth of flexi-time arrangements that allow working mothers to take part-time jobs. Ethnic communities, as the Grunwick, Garners and Chix disputes revealed, also need to have their interests safeguarded by the use of trade union influence where it counts.

Such a comprehensive strategy for modern trade unionism immediately takes it into the arena of Parliament and local government. and calls for reforms that amount to a new constitutional settlement. The trade union movement is learning again that it needs a political party to represent working people in Parliament. Non-political trade unionism, on the American model, would fail here, as it has done there. For those without personal wealth or political authority a trade union card and a ballot paper are the only two routes to political power. The whole history, tradition and ethos of the British trade union movement is essentially democratic and sees Parliament as its main hope for reform.

This is a very different view from the one widely publicised which always presents the State as the enemy. If authoritarian, centralised, bureaucratic and remote, the State machine can threaten liberty and when linked to the interests of capital, it often has done so, especially if the Army, the Police and the press are all harnessed together to depress the interests of working people as seen in many parts of the world. But the labour movement has always perceived the possibility of Parliamentary power as a liberating force, attacking the unaccountable power of capital and permitting the advance of wider interests. Socialism in practice has meant limiting, controlling, or replacing market forces as the main determinant of human activity.

One word of qualification is however necessary here about nationalisation. The Labour Constitution calls for common ownership — not nationalisation — and for the achievement of the 'best obtainable means of popular administration and control of each industry and service.' In that sense the nationalised industries established by Herbert Morrison after the War have been a great disappointment to those who campaigned so hard for public ownership. Huge state corporations, run on the very same economic criteria as private corporations under authoritarian management have altogether failed to realise the hopes of those who campaigned for public ownership. Workers in the steel industry are now learning to their cost what that really means.

If the trade union movement is seeking to offer an alternative perspective for the future of Britain, and comes to see its role developing in the way I have described it will be called upon to offer a far more positive and constructive leadership than their critics believe is possible. There is no reason to think that they will not respond to that challenge.

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LABOUR PARTY
Eveline Hunter

Women's Conference tackles the diverse problems of under-representation

Getting out of the back-seat

WOMEN'S INSULTINGLY low representation at all levels of the Labour Party dominated the final session of the three-day Conference of Labour Women at Malvern this week. But radical motions designed to increase women's participation in the Party were closely defeated after a chaotic debate on procedural rules. Conference rejected the proposal that parliamentary selection shortlists should include at least one woman and a manual worker and that the five places for women on the National Executive Committee should be elected by the Women's Conference rather than the annual party conference. On the latter point it was argued that women on the NEC should represent all members, not just women. Delegates instead opted for slightly strengthening a submission to the party's National Commission of Enquiry prepared in advance by the Women's Advisory Committee. This included the following recommendations:

(1) that the number of women candidates on Lists 'A' and 'B' be constantly monitored;
(2) that constituency parties and trade unions be again contacted by the NEC appealing for more women for these lists;
(3) that the NEC open a training panel for men and women who would like to seek nomination but feel that they need specific training and education;
(4) that the numbers of women representing the Party at local authority level and on other public bodies should be monitored;
(5) that constituency parties should identify women who could be helped to take political responsibility;
(6) that more 'practical help' be given for women to play their full part in the Party, *ie* by provising creche facilities and positively ensuring that women are represented in all activities.

While endorsing these points, delegates insisted that they should be strengthened. They voted also to retain the present composition of the NEC.

DELEGATES WERE UNITED in their recognition of the severity of the problem. Women form nearly half of the Labour Party's membership and are faithful workers at elections and fund raising events. Yet their participation at decision-making level is extremely limited. Of the delegates to the Party's national conference only 11 per cent on average are female. Only 15 per cent of Labour councillors are women and there are only 11 female Labour MPs. A questionnaire sent out to female parliamentary candidates by the Women's Advisory Committee showed that many had been deterred from seeking renomination and that more than a third had experienced sexist questioning during the selection conferences. Typical questions cited were: 'How will you be able to care for your husband and children?'; and 'How can a woman do a man's job?' (*ie* be an MP). It is disappointing, therefore, that the motion backed by the Campaign for Labour Party Democracy, for the inclusion of at least one woman on the short list, fell: it might have encouraged some of these women to put themselves forward again. Some delegates believed that the proposal patronised women and that female candidates should be considered on their merits alone. Mandatory inclusion of a woman does not, however, mean that the woman has to be selected, only that she is given an opportunity to show what 'merits' she might have.

The motion would not, of course, have removed many other factors which tend to inhibit women's access to the parliamentary male club — such as limited child care facilities, the hours of parliamentary sittings and deep-rooted male resentment. Nor would it have reversed the tendency to put women candidates into marginal or unwinnable seats.

WHAT WAS ENCOURAGING at the Conference was that delegates gave overwhelming support to the development of women's sections and women's conferences — at a time when some constituencies are pressing for these to be disbanded.

The high standard of debate and the wide range of delegates who participated paid tribute to the calibre of Labour Party women. Unfortunately, some still seemed to believe that the Labour Party had a monopoly on women's issues and could draw few lessons from elsewhere — despite the growth and influence of outside groups, particularly the women's liberation movement.

The heated and stimulating debates on employment, defence and criminal justice were more radical and progressive than similar debates at the party's national conference. As one delegate put it, the Women's Conference always seems to be five years ahead of the rest of the Party.

On women's rights, the delegates did not merely indulge in bashing the Tories for their attacks on women, but argued for more progressive policies to be adopted by the Labour Party. Considering the evident depth of the delegates' knowledge and of their understanding of wide-ranging issues, it came as a humiliating shock when Michael Foot, speaking at the Conference rally, delivered a patronising little talk on Labour's achievements for women, passages of which were cribbed word-for-word from the Labour Party's campaign handbook on women's rights. This is a basic manual for door-stepping at election time and far too rudimentary to tell the delegates at Malvern anything they didn't already know. It claims, for example, that the Labour government helped close the gap between women's and men's wages, removed most of the discrimination in social security and increased nurseries and day-care provisions. As delegates were obviously aware, these points (taken in isolation) were more or less correct, but fell a long way short of a full account.

Helen Jackson

The scope of the closed shop

THERE ARE CONSIDERABLY more closed shops in Britain than hitherto realised. My own recent work shows that some of the most widely quoted academic research on the subject is incomplete and its estimates too low. And detailed examination of the nature of the closed shop suggests that the Tories' Employment Bill will have little effect on its extent.

In December and January the Department of Employment Gazette published the results of work by John Gennard, Stephen Dunn and Michael Wright of the London School of Economics. They had analysed 136 Union Membership Agreements (written closed shop agreements) covering 1.7 million employees and estimated that the total number of workers covered by written agreements was in excess of 2.5 million. They also said that they had obtained reliable information about the extent of informal closed shops for 19 million of the 22 million of people in employment. On the basis of the information collected they concluded that closed shop agreements — UMAs and informal — affected at least 5.2 million, or 1 in 4, workers.

My own work suggests that formal written agreements are much more extensive than Gennard *et al* realised. In the course of five years' research I have been in touch with 297 establishments, which altogether are party to 503 UMAs. These UMAs cover a total of 4.1 million employees. The most important agreements are in engineering (181 agreements covering 643,557 employees), the nationalised industries (39 agreements, 1.34 million employees), local authorities (50 agreements, 643,386 employees) distributive trades (74 agreements, 488,358 employees) and the food, drink and tobacco industries (72 agreements, 240,888 employees).

However, even this does not describe the complete scope of the closed shop. In addition to the agreements analysed here, I have collected data on a further 139 agrements — covering just over a further 1 million workers — which has not yet been classified; and I know of the existence of a further 112 agreements, on which I am still awaiting details. Furthermore there are parts of the UK, particularly Wales, which have not been comprehensively covered.

Clearly, some of the results of Gennard's research are called into question. Those results implied that although the nature of the closed shop was changing in favour of formal, written agreements, 2.7 million employees were still covered by informal arrangements. My own research indicates one of two things: either Gennard's estimate of the closed shop is far too low — in addition to the 4.1 million workers covered by UMAs which I have identified there are over two and a half million more covered by informal agreements - or, alternatively, all those covered by the closed shop in Britain today are covered by written agreements. The answer is probably somewhere between these two extreme possibilities. It is well known that in some industries — especially those in which trade unionism is strong — few formal agreements have been signed. For example, the 225,000 members of the National Union of Mineworkers operate an informal closed shop. Again, in printing I have only identified

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69,066 employees covered by written UMAs. But Gennard shows 354,000 employees covered by the closed shops in printing — almost 300,000, the subject of informal arrangements, are not included in my figures.

IN THE LAST fifteen years there has been a considerable increase in the importance of the formal written UMA to the extent that whereas in 1964 a minority of employees were covered by such agreements, today the reverse must be true. This change has been greatly influenced by the introduction of the right not to be unfairly dismissed. Under the 1974 Trade Union and Labour Relations Act dismissal for non-membership of a trade union was fair where there was a UMA unless the employee genuinely objected 'on grounds of religious belief ... or any reasonable grounds to being a member of a particular trade union.' The 1976 Trade Union and Labour Relations (Amendment) Act replaced the words 'or on any reasonable grounds' so that unless the UMA contained broader rights than the statutory ones the possibility of keeping out of a closed shop was slim. The Tories' Employment Bill tries to reverse this trend.

The Employment Bill says 80 per cent of those balloted must be in favour of the closed shop where a union is trying to introduce a new one. In the current climate it thus seems likely that few new UMAs will be negotiated. But in the case of existing UMAs the Bill may have little effect.

Broadly, there are two kinds of UMA — tight agreements, where it is compulsory for all employees, including existing non-unionists to join the union, and loose agreements, which allow existing non-unionists to remain non-members. Generally, both Gennard's and my research found the same proportion of tight and loose agreements. Roughly a third of UMAs make it obligatory for non-members to join a union.

The only way in which the bill will affect loose UMAs is that applicants for employment will have wider statutory grounds than at present for not joining a union. However, if it becomes plain at an interview that an applicant is unwilling to join a union, it is a simple matter for the employer to choose another applicant.

In the case of tight UMAs the effect of the Bill is similarly likely to be small. All that the Bill does is to widen the grounds under which people can opt out. Existing members of a union will not be able to leave the union without being dismissed, without compensation, unless they can prove they were unfairly dismissed. To do this an employee must 'genuinely object on grounds of conscience or other deeply held personal conviction to being a member of any trade union whatsoever or of a particular union.' As most members of unions under tight UMAs will have been in the union for some years by the time the Bill becomes law, it is extremely unlikely that an Industrial Tribunal would accept that an employee held this attitude to unions, in the absence of a dramatic religious conversion or some such other rare event.

Helen Jackson has been studying the nature and extent of the closed shop for the past five years at University College London, with the help of the Central Research Fund of the University of London, under the supervision of Professor R. W. Rideout.She is indebted to the support, advice and assistance which both he and Charles Hanson, Lecturer in Economics at the University of Newcastle upon Tyne have given.

CANADA
Charlotte Gray

Disparaging remarks by Levesque's Minister ignite federalistic fervour among women

'Yvettes' vote Non in referendum

NEXT WEEK six million residents of Quebec will cast their votes in a referendum. The political implications of the results are uncertain. But there is widespread apprehension among Canada's population of 23 million and among their United States neighbours that a positive vote could herald the break-up of the country.

Even before René Levesque became Premier of Quebec in 1976, his Parti Quebecois was committed to separating the province from the Canadian confederation. Levesque and his advisers chose a soft-sell strategy of *étapisme* — small, gradual steps towards independence which would not scare Quebecers, 20 per cent of whom are not French-speaking and 75 per cent of whom have consistently told pollsters that they are not in favour of an independent Quebec. The question which is now being asked is so cautious and veiled as to lend itself to different interpretations. In effect Quebecers are being asked on 20 May to give their provincial government the mandate to negotiate with the rest of Canada a new deal 'based on the equality of peoples', which would include Quebec sovereignty combined with an economic association with the other nine provinces. The relationship frequently cited is that between member countries of the EEC.

A Yes vote is being sold not as a dramatic secessionist step but as a gesture of Quebec pride and support for the Premier. Levesque — fiery, attractive and a skilled TV performer — speaks of Quebec and the rest of Canada as 'two scorpions in a bottle': conflict is inevitable. He discredits the federal system which, he argues, has consistently favoured the development of English Canada at Quebec's expense. Levesque carefully avoids big rallies, which might give overtones of demagoguery and vitriolic nationalism to his campaign, and constantly reassures listeners that sovereignty is 'natural' for a 'people'. A majority for the Yes side would give added muscle at constitutional negotiations with federal and provincial counterparts, he suggests.

However, the other provincial premiers, and federal Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, have already announced their rejection of the 'sovereignty-association' concept. In the first major speech since his return to power, Trudeau argued that he did not have a mandate to negotiate a division of his country: a Yes vote would lead to a stalemate. Constitutional changes, demanded for years by other provinces as well as Quebec, could only be geared towards renewed federalism.

The task of organising the No forces falls to Claude Ryan, leader of the opposition Liberal Party in Quebec. Ryan is the former editor of Quebec's most authoritative daily newspaper, and is a stern and austere man of painful integrity. He has run an old-fashioned, door-step campaign. Determined to win votes through rational argument rather than technological gadgetry and media hype, he frequently misses TV news deadlines and has refused to be guided by polls on which issues to emphasize. He puts forward the facts of Quebec's economic interdependence with Canada and argues that the costs of independence would be massive. His message is that a Yes vote is the first step down the slippery road to separatism, however much the PQ obscure their intentions with a vague question and a promise of a second referendum.

Before the start of the official campaign the Yes forces, already well-organised and with slogans prepared, had a 10 per cent lead. Victory seemed within their grasp and ripples of concern spread through the federalist forces. But then Lise Payette, Quebec's Consumer Affairs Minister, disparagingly described women prepared to vote *non* as 'Yvettes'. 'Yvette' is a sexist stereotype: the docile little girl in Quebec elementary school primers who submissively plays second string in her brother Guy's creative activities. Payette triggered a spontaneous expression of Canadian nationalism. Within days of the remark 15,000 'Yvettes' — traditionalist wives and mothers — attended a rally in the Montreal hockey forum and praised the glories of a united Canada. Radical feminists at first charged that the federalists were exploiting women: then some decided to join the blossoming Yvette movement on the grounds that the PQ had assumed their support without answering any of their demands for better day-care and employment opportunities.

The Yvettes supplied the No side with the political electricity and emotional momentum it lacked. Although the proportion of undecideds remains high, at 20 per cent, today the Yes and No forces are level. Ryan, in Quebec, and Trudeau, in the federal capital of Ottawa, are confident of victory for the Noes. But the exact tally of votes could still be crucial. If the majority of French-speaking Quebecers vote Yes but the No of minority language groups denies the PQ a victory, next year's provincial elections could get very nasty. If the federalists win a significant majority among French and English Quebecers, it will raise fundamental questions about the future of Quebec's independence movement. Will Levesque continue as Premier? Whatever the outcome, the legacy of division within families, between different language groups, and within the women's movement will be lasting.

Quebec

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The spies who spend what they like

THE POWER of Britain's intelligence chieftains depends on the legend that their efficiency and integrity need no oversight. Scandals as various as Philby, Blunt or the *New Statesman*'s phone-tapping disclosures have eroded the legend, but the effect so far has been confined to MI6, MI5, the Special Branch and other subsidiary departments of the secret world. The 'majority shareholder' has been untouched, and even its title — GCHQ, Government Communications Headquarters — remains comfortably obscure.

The evidence here demolishes this last element of myth. Official doctrine calls GCHQ the 'majority shareholder' because it is the biggest, costliest secret agency, and because its interception of world communications provides the great bulk of Britain's foreign intelligence. Generations of Ministers have been trained to accept GCHQ's authority in moments of crisis, and sanction in return its extraordinary freedom from supervision.

But the true picture, revealed here by the initiative of a former GCHQ official, Mr Jock Kane, is of an organisation riddled with financial corruption and incompetence, endemically at risk of penetration by foreign agencies.

*** When serving at GCHQ's vital Hong Kong station, Mr Kane was alarmed to find that numerous highly-secret documents had vanished, in circumstances making it necessary to assume Communist China was the beneficiary. He was more alarmed when his superiors suppressed all serious efforts to discover what had happened.**

*** Following up Mr Kane's statement, in a joint inquiry the *New Statesman* and the *Daily Mirror* found that GCHQ has suffered two major penetrations by Chinese agents — quite without the publicity attendant on other British security failures. But little attempt has been made to improve security: new staff arriving to run Hong Kong's most secret facility (no doubt with indoctrination about the dangers of sexual entanglement ringing in their ears) are immediately accommodated in a hotel which runs an especially obvious Chinese call-girl system.**

*** Mr Kane alleges financial racketeering by GCHQ officials both in Britain and overseas. Our inquiry turned up corroboration, which was especially colourful in the case of Hong Kong. The racehorse-owner on our cover, Mr Frank Wilks, used his post as GCHQ Operations Officer as a springboard to turn himself into a Hong Kong millionaire, and he confided to one of our informants: 'As far as the special outfit (GCHQ) is concerned, they don't have to give an estimate of expenditure ... they can spend what they like'.**

*** Mr Kane claims that the special powers of the security bureaucracy were used to suppress his complaints, rather than investigate this. Our experience is corroborative: senior officials used information which could only have been gained from phone-tapping in order to help Wilks and others avoid our inquiries. They were not always successful — one man has since been pulled-in by Hong Kong's Independent Commission Against Corruption. It seems that the full power of the security state may be used in practice to protect dishonesty.**

JOCK KANE'S words, overleaf, show that he is no defector or commonly disgruntled ex-employee. He still believes in the purpose for which he joined GCHQ: gathering secret information about foreign states in order to protect the interests of a democratically elected British government. Essentially, his story concerns an unavailing struggle to get GCHQ to observe the rules which it taught to him itself, under which any financial speculation is automatically a security breach, and any leakage of records a major disaster. The logic is inescapable, for any concern which monitors communications requires large numbers of staff, potentially open to blackmail, who have regular access to the most critical of secrets: just which 'targets' are being attacked, and with what success.

Kane's story requires to be read with a good deal of background in mind. Insofar as there has been any official response to his allegations — which he tried to raise through every orthodox channel, before deciding on publicity — it has been the discreet suggestion that they are 'trivial' against the world-wide sweep of GCHQ's operations. 'Trivia' would have to be stretched to include senior officials combining with local Chinese to fund their own business operations out of GCHQ's unaccountable budget — one of the cases which we have been able to document, following up Mr Kane's leads. But the argument might just hold water, were it not for the much more public attitudes which the security bureacracy has struck over matters affecting GCHQ.

Whatever view may be taken eventually of Jock Kane's allegations about corruption and information leakage, they are *prima facie* immensely more serious than anything which was involved in the elaborate, abortive Official Secrets trial of 1978. John Berry, a minor GCHQ operative, was alleged to have passed ten-year-old recollections to two journalists (one, the present author): not all the eloquence of the prosecution was able to show how any foreign power might have benefited, or indeed be seriously interested. Kane, a highly experienced officer, alleges massive loss of *active operational documents* from a base already known to have been penetrated by foreign intelligence, and demonstrably offering many avenues for further penetration. (To avoid committing security breaches himself, Kane declines to publicise precise details of the missing documents. But he believes he can show any competent inquiry that their loss would have compromised the station's operations.)

Kane's career, as he says, was effectively ruined by his insistence that debacles of this order must not be covered up — and by his insistence that they were related to a general sickness of the GCHQ organisation, which merely displayed unusually flamboyant symptoms amid the lush atmosphere of Hong Kong. GCHQ has been surrounded by massive, and intentionally intimidating security: 'D' notices have been issued attempting to forbid any mention of its operations; even a still picture of its Cheltenham HQ was banned by the IBA in 1973, leaving a blank space in a *World in Action* programme; in the early, confident days of the Official Secrets case inquiries, Special Branch men acted with almost East European abandon threatening to break down doors and hauling people from bed in the early hours of the morning. What Jock Kane's story shows is that all this venom directed against open inquiry contrasts with an amazing insouciance over real problems of security and integrity which the organisation believes it can suppress.

RICHARD CROSSMAN, a former *New Statesman* editor, and wartime secret service veteran, once told Parliament:

> In a secret department the greatest temptation in the world is to use secrecy not in the national interest but in the departmental interest . . . to cover up.

The pattern has been seen before in other intelligence operations: the great effort being devoted, not to protecting secrets, but to protecting the fact that the secrets have been lost. Thus the power and privileges deriving from custody of the secrets can be preserved.

In our introductory passage, we quoted briefly from Mr Frank Wilks, who did very well for himself after going to Hong Kong as Operations Officer for GCHQ — and it is worth giving a little more of his account of the financial privileges enjoyed by GCHQ. He was speaking to the wife of a former associate, who took the precaution of making a tape-recording, and has since given us permission to quote from it. (The irony of an old GCHQ man being 'intercepted' himself will be explained later.)

He explained that the Hong Kong station 'and the overall set-up in the UK and everywhere else . . . they have what is called a

Report by DUNCAN CAMPBELL

We thank JOHN PENROSE **of the *Daily Mirror* for his help; and also** PAUL GREENGRASS **of Granada TV *World of Action* programme. (In order to provide substantial coverage for Jock Kane's story, the *New Statesman* collaborated with the *Daily Mirror* in an investigation in Hong Kong; and subsequently enabled Granada TV to prepare a film with Kane.)**

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UK secret vote'. Other departments, even the military, might have to give 'their estimate of expenditure for the year.' But not GCHQ:

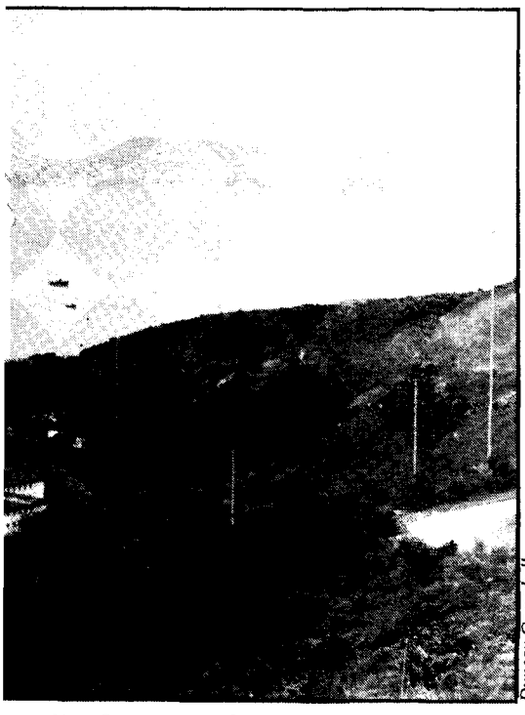
> As far as the special outfit is concerned, they don't have to give an estimate of their expenditure for the year . . . they are freelancers if you like. They can spend what they like. They must be sensible about what they're doing, of course, but they can spend what they like.

'Sensible' can be a fairly elastic term, of course. But Mr Wilks gives a good practical account of the constitutional position of Britain's largest intelligence agency.

It grew up in the Second World War, when Britain was achieving what seemed to be significant successes in code-cracking and communications intelligence. There was every reason to keep even the fact of these operations secret, for their rapid growth transcended the scope of traditional intelligence-gathering. Today, when the basic facts of communications intelligence are known to anyone who cares to know, and what matters is who does it to whom and why, the case for utter secrecy — except in questions of operational technique — scarcely survives inspection.

But under the kindly regime of the secret vote, GCHQ has built up a world-wide chain of listening-stations, sharing technology, facilities and funding with the US National Security Agency. The Hong Kong base at Little Sai Wan, which is run in partnership with the Australian Defence Signals Division (DSD), is a posting especially prized among GCHQ staff. As Kane shows, there is ample evidence that in British stations too, GCHQ's generous financial allowances system has been so much abused as to expose numerous employees to risk of prosecution for fraud. In Hong Kong, as several other officers have confirmed to us, the allowance system is milked to the fullest extent.

Little Sai Wan has been leaking for twenty years at least. Early in 1961 a courier for a Chinese spy ring was caught crossing the border, and after a determined investigation (in which GCHQ played no part) four agents were arrested. The principal was John Tsang, a Cambridge-educated Chinese police superintendent: then the highest-ranking Chinese in the Hong Kong force, and clearly a long-term agent. His arrest was announced, but not that of Chan Tak Fei, a supposedly Nationalist Chinese working at Little Sai Wan as a linguist. Local counter intelligence officials say that he had a 'fantastic' memory, and sent daily reports into China for two years, negating much of the previous decade's work at Little Sai Wan.



Duncan Campbell

Duncan Campbell

Little Sai Wan Composite Signal Organisation Station, Hong Kong (below) is one of a large and costly chain of radio listening stations run by Government Communications Headquarters (GCHQ), Britain's largest intelligence agency. Eric Garland (above, refusing questioning by *Daily Mirror* reporter John Penrose) was for ten years the Defence Land Agent responsible for checking accommodation and other facilities for the top secret base. Following a joint *NEW STATESMAN*/*Daily Mirror* investigation this February, corruption charges have been prepared against Garland in Hong Kong, and a further file is being sent to the British Director of Public Prosecutions this week for submission to the Colony's Attorney-General.

Tsang, Chen and their colleagues were never prosecuted. After a few months in prison, they were quietly shipped off to Peking. Prosecution, in the words of a local counter-intelligence officer, would have been 'too embarrassing.' Frank Wilks, whom we quoted earlier on the 'freelance' character of GCHQ, was then Operations Officer at Little Sai Wan. But he refused to discuss this or any other matter with us.

Twelve years later, in 1973, there was a similar incident, when two Taiwanese defected to the mainland from their posts as Little Sai Wan linguists. This, as his own account shows (overleaf, column 2) was when Jock Kane was trying to draw official attention to the disappearance of large numbers of top-secret documents. Nothing directly connects the two matters: indeed, the defection was kept so quiet that Kane and others inside the station had little more than vague rumours to judge the matter by. But what is amazing is that against such a background Kane's evidence of major security losses should have been met with complete disinterest.

No part of the story came out in Britain, so that GCHQ's reputation was preserved again. In Australia, a version of the story was published in the *National Times* during February 1974, but the Australian D-Notice committee managed to suppress many details — including the fact that Little Sai Wan was where it happened.

According to Australian sources, the defection did great damage. Previously, it had been possible to monitor communications from the Lop Nor nuclear site, and from Chinese rocket-testing bases. Afterwards the Chinese re-routed them through secure underground cables.

We managed to obtain some help from counter-intelligence officials in Hong Kong, some of whom have little patience with the privileges enjoyed by GCHQ and other departments claiming privileges of 'national security' immunity (including from ICAC, the Independent Commission Against Corruption). We asked whether wholesale loss of secret documents, as described by Kane, had ever been reported to them. We were told that nothing was said by GCHQ, even in the Local Intelligence Committee, where officials from M16, GCHQ and the Hong Kong Police Special Branch are supposed to review developments. 'We should have been informed', said one detective, 'not just about missing documents, but about any other alleged offences which might require police investigation.'

DETECTIVES MIGHT not have managed to recover the missing papers, but they surely would not have taken long to come up with evidence that some of the people concerned with the business operations of the 'special outfit' had long been working on a curious definition of the word 'sensible'. The affair of the Ascot House Hotel, and associated companies, dates back to the Sixties, when Frank Wilks was Operations Officer at Little Sai Wan. One of his tasks was to find temporary accommodation for newly-arrived staff, and he booked many of them into the Ascot House owned by the family of a local Chinese, Dorothy Fok.

In Hong Kong, of course, providing for the needs of the transient expatriate community — hotel rooms, flats, furniture, fittings and other facilities — has always been lucractive business. And Little Sai Wan, with its large, well-heeled staff (around 600, with a considerable turnover) has long been a prime commercial target. (Kane states that on mid-seventies rates, people of fairly modest rank could arrive with £12-14,000 in salary and allowances.)

On 25 November 1964 Frank Wilks retired from GCHQ, and one day later he signed with Dorothy Fok the memorandum of association for a new company, to be called Dolfra Services. From then till now, Dolfra has done

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Jock Kane's story

I LEFT GCHQ sixteen months ago. I was then in the £7,000-a-year Supervisory Radio Officer grade at an intelligence-gathering station in Scotland.

Much of GCHQ's work could be important and worthwhile. But it is conducted behind a wall of artificial secrecy, which protects a disgusting network of corruption, inefficiency and security betrayal.

When I joined GCHQ in 1946, our 'indoctrination' prescribed that the name of the organisation, and the nature of its work — signals intelligence, or 'Sigint' for short — should never be breathed in public, because of the danger of alerting our targets to the idea that Britain might be listening in. GCHQ's *Security Handbook* is very specific:

> GCHQ and its end products are known to be the target of (hostile intelligence) services and in fact any piece of information which is accidentally leaked may be expected to find its way into alien hands. Moreover, every member of GCHQ is a potential target.

I still take the indoctrination oaths very seriously indeed. But when many GCHQ personnel, involved in corruption, work in areas where highly secret documents are missing — and other documents continue to disappear — it is in the public interest that the subject should be aired.

While the huge, ultimately abortive 'ABC' Official Secrets Act case was being directed in 1977 against three outsiders, GCHQ was covering up the loss of large quantities of Secret and Top Secret information from its major listening station in Hong Kong — information which was as accurate, up-to-date and highly classified as any intelligence could be. A pile of highly important documents had vanished by 1973, and GCHQ did not want to find out where they had gone.

Unless action is taken, disappearance of sensitive documents will continue. So will the annual subventions to businessmen who have established corrupt relationships with GCHQ — and the institutionalised overpayment of staff allowances which the secret department's managers and operatives have turned to their personal advantage.

I have raised these matters, successively, with GCHQ's own security division, its Director, with the RAF Provost and Security Service, with the Scotland Yard Special Branch, with the Director of Public Prosecutions, and with the Cabinet Office through the help of Members of Parliament.

At every stage, GCHQ's great and secret bureaucratic power has been able to prevent anything happening. During 1979 a Cabinet Office investigation, ordered by the Prime Minister and conducted by Sir James Waddell, CB, ground to a halt.

I have been threatened with disciplinary charges and the Official Secrets Act — as have several members of GCHQ who have expressed disquiet at the state of affairs. But they would be glad, and relieved, to set the facts out for a proper independent tribunal of inquiry.

Documents go missing

GCHQ has lost, and doesn't care to find, dozens and dozens of highly classified Sigint documents. My life in the Service was made impossible because as soon as I became aware of the losses in 1973 I insisted on reporting them — and on reporting other losses which have occurred since then.

The material went missing, at times unknown but certainly over a lengthy period, from the Little Sai Wan station in Hong Kong, which is one of GCHQ's most important operations.

When I arrived there in January 1973 my 'interference' in reporting that many documents were missing was bitterly resented. I was expected to 'conform', and to write each day *Classified books checked correct* alongside my signature. Such was the negligence and chaos that managerial civil servants were daily signing registers as correct, when many of the documents listed in them were missing — sometimes, missing for years.

I did not 'conform'. I was so disturbed by this that I pressed for an official muster of all classified documents held at the station: after six months of bitter argument, this was agreed. On 21 September 1973 the task of assessing the losses of Secret and Top Secret documents from Little Sai Wan was given to a middle-grade civil servant, Alec Crombie.

The results of his check were appalling. So many documents were missing that, to the astonishment of myself and many others, the existing registers were ordered by GCHQ to be destroyed, and new classified registers prepared for the documents that were left.

No investigation into the losses took place. No-one was asked to account for the missing papers, or to explain why they had been signing the old registers as correct.

Two years later in 1975 another member of the station's junior management showed he had learnt the lesson. He proceeded — wholly unauthorised — to destroy his new register and replace it with yet another, after I had reported another fourteen classified documents as missing. Placed alongside the GCHQ *Security Handbook*'s ruling that 'any piece of information which is accidentally leaked may be expected to find it way into alien hands', this behaviour is inexplicable and inexcusable.

I raised the question of the missing papers through successive levels of the GCHQ hierarchy. In March 1974 I had an unproductive interview with the Head of Establishment Division in Cheltenham (where GCHQ is based). He said I was right to draw attention to the breaches of security. The culprits, he said, had been disciplined. I know of *no* culprits having been sought, let alone identified and disciplined. The interview was a substitute for action.

When I tried to raise the issue with the Foreign Office, which is formally in charge of GCHQ — although, as in the case of its other 'subsidiary', MI6, it has no effective control — I was improperly blocked from contacting the FO's Permanent Secretary.

The story of the missing documents must be put into context. The context is the corruption and inefficiency inside GCHQ's secret world which is so widespread — and so institutionalised — as to make any sort of investigation officially unthinkable. If an investigation into security risks were to begin, they fear, would it ever end?

Fiddles and fraud

Large sums of money disappear annually into the hands of businessmen who have established corrupt relationships with GCHQ. Its operations are secret and un-supervised, and some of its officials have been long accustomed to the abuse of public trust in service of their own financial advancement. Routine corrupt practices involve false subsistence and travel claims, false overtime payments, false accommodation and furniture allowances at overseas stations — together with oversized payments for transport of property and insurance, and much unnecessary travelling. I estimate that such pilfering from the public purse exceeded at least £1 million during 1976.

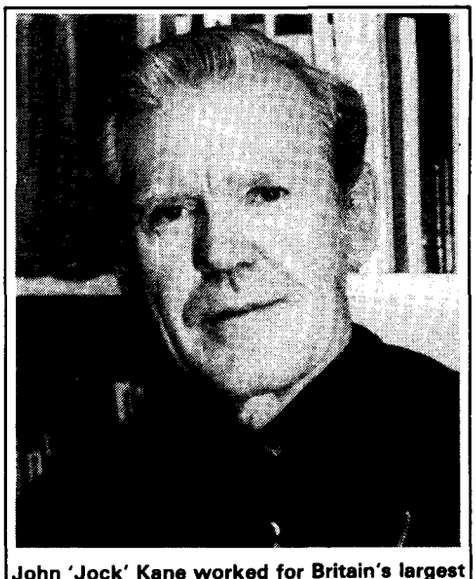
The fiddles are practised everywhere. But ground level corruption is worst in GCHQ's overseas posts. And Hong Kong, which has been the principal doorway into corruption for many British institutions, is the place where dishonesty is most thoroughly routine. Fraud which was prevalent in the UK was almost compulsory in Hong Kong.

All GCHQ employees enjoy highly generous foreign allowances in addition to the envied advantages of the Hong Kong posting. An ordinary Radio Officer, taking all allowances into account, was receiving £12-14,000 a year in the mid-seventies. In addition to salary at London rates, there was £1,500 Foreign Service Allowance (tax free) and £5,000 accommodation allowance, together with movement allowances, school fees and lesser perks.

Around this centre of secret government munificence there long ago grew up a network of camp-followers, expert in the ins and outs of every fiddle. Far from resisting such traffic, GCHQ administrators recommended new staff at Little Sai Wan to the local traders with the best in dishonest deals.

Issuing of false receipts by hotels and landlords was a standard feature of Hong Kong life. A flat worth £300 a month would be rented for a nominal £400 and a receipt issued to that effect. The difference would be split between landlord and tenant. The same happened with hotel bills.

Even without fiddling, of course, very large sums were being dispensed, because a family



Chris Schwarz

John 'Jock' Kane worked for Britain's largest secret intelligence agency, Government Communications Headquarters, for 32 years before taking voluntary early retirement during 1978. He joined as a radio operator after the war and retired as a Supervisor at a Scottish intelligence station. He now lives in England.

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could get as much as £5,000 rent allowance in Hong Kong, plus another £600 to hire furniture. Deals were struck with furniture hirers so that civil servants were able to illegally hire purchase some of the furniture for shipment home.

Payoffs at the social club

Little Sai Wan must cost at least £10 million a year to run. In the last year I was there, outright waste and pilferage absorbed £500,000 — perhaps even £1 million — of this total.

Opportunities for corruption, and thus blackmail, existed in other ways. In Hong Kong a social club, Ariel House, is maintained for the large staff of Little Sai Wan within the station perimeter: this might be a sensible exercise for a government anxious to keep highly secret personnel segregated as far as possible from the outside community. In practice the opposite effect is achieved. Although civil service rules specifically forbid the acceptance of gifts, a steady flow of gold watches, camphorwood chests, embossed brief cases, leather coats and the like found their way to a number of GCHQ staff in return for compliance and favours. One senior GCHQ official, Brian Watson, who expressed disquiet about this traffic, was called in for 'a chat' with the Officer-in-charge, George Hopkins. He was asked: 'What's a few gold watches here or there?'

The economics of Ariel House were puzzling, profits bearing little relation to the high and steady level of trade. During the summer of 1975, Watson asked why low sales were being recorded during the busy summer holiday period. He got an evasive reply, but next month the sales figures trebled from $25,000HK (about £2,500) to reach $75,000HK (about £7,500).

Two attempts by club members to have the accounts audited by chartered accountants were vetoed — first on the implausible basis that the club could not afford it, and then on 'security grounds'.

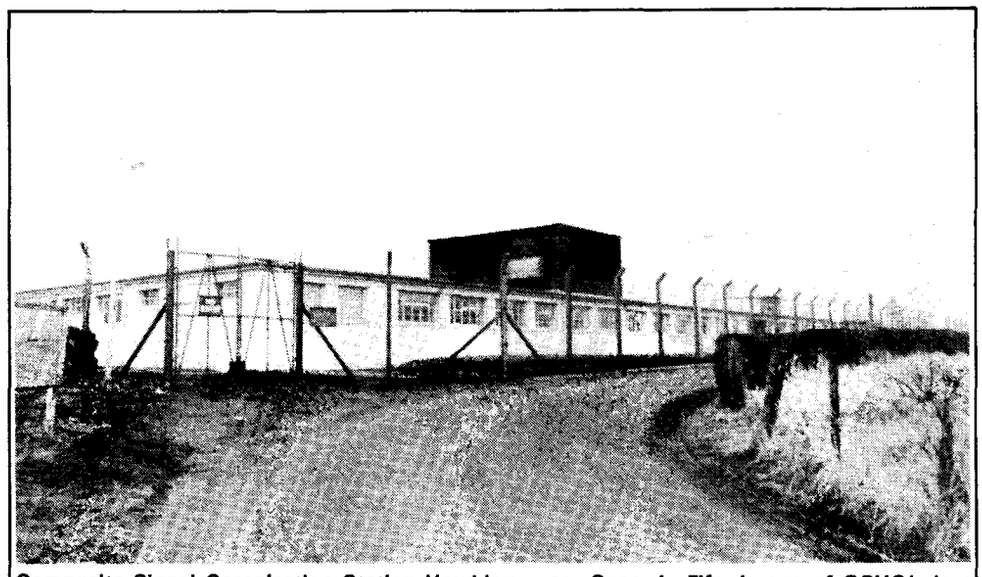
In 1975, Radio Officer Chris Smith finally got an investigation started by the RAF Provost and Security Services (PSS).

But union officials at Little Sai Wan were told by Senior Administrative Officer Douglas Robertson that if the PSS team stepped out of line they would 'get their bloody arses kicked'. One dissatisfied senior officer was abused in front of his staff by Hopkins, the Officer-in-charge — for having given an analysis of four years of Ariel House accounts to the PSS. It was all a clear warning that any co-operation with the PSS inquiry would incur official displeasure. The RAF team were soon demoralised by the wall of *omerta* erected again them.

The RAF team confided some of their difficulties in myself and others. They told me that they 'couldn't trust anyone in that bloody place (Little Sai Wan)'. To another, they leaked the fact that the Ariel House accounts books had been conveniently lost. They feared that their report wouldn't get off the ground because 'there were too many big names involved'.

Indeed it didn't get off the ground. The big names it should have contained were those of a clutch of senior GCHQ intelligence officials.

Nobody could expect that staff encouraged to fiddle public money in such ways would remain proof against the temptations of Hong Kong. The fiddles are not required as an incentive, for the lists of volunteers to go overseas are always weighty.



Duncan Campbell

Composite Signal Organisation Station Hawklaw, near Cupar in Fife, is one of GCHQ's less attractive and exotic postings. After persistent complaints about lax security and corruption overseas, Kane was posted here and told he wouldn't go abroad again. His high standards were 'liable to cause difficulties in an overseas environment.'

Although the big fiddles involve overseas operations, there have always been plenty of lesser fiddles in Britain — enough, certainly, to build up lax attitudes. One of the most costly centred on the Central Training School at Bletchley Park, Buckinghamshire.

Numerous GCHQ staff attend CTS for refresher courses, training in new methods and so on. Bletchley is easy to reach from most of our stations in the UK, yet staff training there would claim full subsistence (£11.50 a night in 1976: now rather more than £15). Most would go home for the weekend, falsely claim weekend subsistence, and end a six-week course with a profit of £200 from public funds. Supervising officials, who did the same in their time, have long been accustomed to passing such fraudulent claims.

A Scottish station at Bower, near Wick, afforded an even pricier fiddle. Insufficient volunteers to man this important station full-time could be found; GCHQ preferring to meet requirements by detaching staff for month-long tours from a larger UK intelligence monitoring station 50 miles away. In many cases, staff would register at a local address of convenience, travel to Bower by car, and fraudulently claim allowance for 30 nights away from home. this, on a rotating basis, could net a tax-free £1,300 yearly.

GCHQ — above the law?

When the RAF inquiry in Hong Kong failed, I tried to raise the corruption cases and security breaches with other authorities. In April 1976 I contacted the Director of Public Prosecutions' office and met the Deputy DPP, Mr Jardine. He expressed interest and concern. After a number of questions, he said that one of his investigators would contact me for full details. When I told him of the power GCHQ could wield, he said: 'I'll take that hurdle if I have to'.

But the 'investigator' never appeared, and further efforts to contact the DPP produced only a series of printed postcards. Then, in October 1976 I received a reply saying that the DPP could do nothing; the matter was out of the department's jurisdiction.

No government department, supposedly, is above the law. But this was not the first time I discovered that the rule does not apply to GCHQ. The year before I had contacted the Scotland Yard Special Branch, to be told that they were prohibited from investigating GCHQ.

On returning from Hong Kong, GCHQ tucked me away at Hawklaw, a station near Cupar in Fife. When I asked for another overseas posting, I was turned down in unequivocal terms:

> The department is not prepared to accept you for further overseas service on the grounds of your uncompromising attitude (on a number of subjects) which are particularly liable to cause difficulties in an overseas environment.

Difficulties for whom? Those involved in the losses of secret material, and subsequent cover-ups? Difficulties for those involved in foreign service fiddles, anxious to return for second and third tours with still more profitable know-how each time?

By 1977 I felt I must leave GCHQ before being driven out. The start of the ABC 'Official Secrets' case disturbed me, because of its contrast with the scandals which I knew were being suppressed. I threatened to blow the gaff in the *Sunday Times*, whereupon GCHQ became alarmed, and I received a letter from the Establishment and Personnel Officer, which threatened unspecified disciplinary action if I were to communicate with the *Sunday Times* or other outside bodies.

I contacted MPs instead. Cheltenham MP Henry Irving, was easily fobbed off by the Foreign Office. But Ken Warren, then running the Freedom of Information Campaign, pursued the matter more vigorously, and achieved the appointment, by the Prime Minister, of Sir James Waddell CB as a special investigator for the Cabinet Office.

Waddell took statements from a number of people, including myself, but nothing was done by way of correction or elimination of security breaches and corruption. Waddell, I am told, did report back to the Prime Minister. But I do not know what was said.

Evidence of the institutionalisation of corruption also comes from another source — a letter which the Civil Service Union's Assistant Secretary dealing with GCHQ wrote to my station after two GCHQ employees had been apprehended on fraud charges. Fred Phillips of the CSU implied something of the

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scale of corruption — and the official collusion — when he wrote in September 1976 to the branch official at Cupar:

> I saw Paddy Mahon (a senior GCHQ official) . . . to ensure that there was not going to be any 'witch-hunting' as a result of the fraudulent claim which came to light. *We are fearful that if an examination were made of all the other subsistence claims* for staff on detached duty, particularly over weekend periods, *a very large number of our members would be at risk* (our emphasis).

Mahon's assurance that there would be no 'witch-hunt' indicates the readiness of GCHQ to cover-up. This is despite the fact that the — obviously correct — doctrine of its own security branch is that any civil servant involved in corrupt practices is a potential blackmail target.

A staff vulnerable to 'witch-hunts' by the British police is obviously vulnerable to foreign intelligence agencies. During the sixties, the lesson of Vassall's entrapment by the Russians was held out as an awful warning to us all. But it seems that GCHQ fear leakage to Fleet Street more than leakage to the Kremlin. If GCHQ 'moles' haven't sold out to the Russians or Chinese, they have certainly sold out to their own greed.

A clear case to answer

The failure of each initiative for reform shows that GCHQ is a law entirely unto itself. The tradition goes back a long time, of course: it took the Treasury almost twenty years after the war to realise that in addition to its own budget GCHQ was running substantial operations inside the Post Office and the Service Ministries — with the successful aim of concealing the extent of its empire. In 1964 the Treasury finally caught on, and insisted on the rationalisation of radio-intelligence stations.

But since then, the power of the department has become more entrenched, and its control of hundreds of millions of pounds of secret money still more absolute. Any attempt at supervision or at inquiry is repulsed with the incantation of 'national security': the suggestion being that material of priceless importance will fall into enemy hands unless GCHQ is left entirely to its own devices.

The great irony is that what shelters behind this wall of secrecy is an organisation whose security is utterly and completely deficient. I have mentioned the obvious dangers of corruption and of blackmail, but the truth is that foreign intelligence services would scarcely need to go so far to help themselves to the secrets of GCHQ.

My aim is not to demand numerous prosecutions under the Act, but rather to point out that a double standard is at work. The Act is not used against those who cause genuine breaches of security. It is used as a deterrent against those whose words might set in motion criticism of the privileges, inefficiency and arbitrary power of the secret security bureaucracy.

If the government and GCHQ ignores corruption in its own midst, it does so at its own peril. By the standards of its own security doctrine, the assumption must be that GCHQ is wide open to penetration: it must be treated as though the KGB's and other 'moles' have reached its inner secrets. Until the nation's biggest intelligence department is investigated, cleansed and reformed, then the hundreds of millions of pounds which it consumes are spent in activities which may be useless to the nation which foots the bill. ■

Defence Land Agent Eric H Garland sits in the hotel he ran for profit and supervised for a civil service salary, in 1971; (inset) his partner, former GCHQ Operations Officer Frank Henry Wilks.

Continued from p. 739

highly profitable business renting furniture to Little Sai Wan personnel. Having started with £20,000 worth of bank credit, it was sold in 1978 for £300,000 to a large British-based conglomerate, Anglo-Thai. Wilks remains on the board, and Dolfra still furnishes at least one block of flats used by staff from a GCHQ outstation.

Dolfra had several devices for ensuring a good flow of GCHQ business, and one of which we have proof involved large numbers of people—with access to ultra-secret intelligence—in small-scale, but systematic fraud. Wilks' company had reduced to a fine art the process of offering its customers the opportunity to provide themselves with 'gifts' of all sorts—furniture, art-works and consumer durables of various kinds—at the taxpayers' expense. The 'fridge fiddle' can be documented exactly.

Each GCHQ expatriate receives two separate allowances, one for furniture *hire*, and one for capital purchases. The regulations prohibit anyone from claiming a refund of rental for a refrigerator.

Staff from GCHQ who promised to do business with Dolfra would be offered, secretly, the hire of a refrigerator — with the further promise that it would be presented after the end of the contract as a gift. The customer would then get two contracts: one, for presentation to GCHQ, which would comply with regulations, and another secret one, which would not.

We have examples of such double contracts, signed by Dorothy Fok in her maiden name of Leung Yin Fun. Company lists of hirings do specify that the refrigerator will 'become the property of the hirer on completion of (the) contract.'

Their customers would return eventually to the UK, richer by possession of the object itself and also by the cost of its purchase (which was automatically included in the Foreign Service Allowance). To judge by the specimens we have seen in British GCHQ homes, the models chosen were often quite luxurious, but the value of the deal is not the significant point: what is remarkable is that it should have been systematically operated by a company under the control of the former Operations Officer of a super-secret base.

Jock Kane's evidence is that Dolfra had a virtual monopoly over GCHQ business. He was offered a similar deal when hiring furniture for his stay in Hong Kong. He pretended to accept, in order to obtain evidence of the fraud, but paid for it out of his salary, indicating this in a quarterly certificate submitted to GCHQ administration.

The only discernible supervision over accommodation for Little Sai Wan staff — all, according to doctrine, 'targets' for espionage in a notoriously corrupt city — comes from the Defence Land Agent for Hong Kong. During the growth years of Wilks' company, the Defence Land Agent was a close friend and business associate of his named Eric Garland (see picture).

Garland would appear not to have baulked at combining with Wilks to abuse his official position — for in 1968 they got together to take over the Ascot House Hotel and profit by its continuing business with GCHQ's new arrivals. On 10 July that year Wilks, Garland and Major Tony Grimshaw, starter to the Hong Kong Jockey Club, formed Kirby Wilshaw & Co to take over the lease of the Ascot House. At first Garland was both a one-third shareholder and a director, but in October 1968 he installed his wife, Ida Garland, as a director in his place. Mrs Garland, now separated from her husband, says

> He never allowed me to know anything about the business, and I was never allowed to go to meetings. When I suggested that I should go to a meeting, he told me that it wasn't necessary.

By 1971 the Ascot House was netting Mr Garland about £400 a month on top of his Civil Service salary, and when the lease was sold in March 1973 it realised $HK1 million: roughly £100,000. Wilks has said privately that each of the three partners in fact made £100,000 each overall from the deal.

In 1971 the Ministry of Defence posted Garland back to Britain, but he took early retirement and went into business in Hong Kong — some of it, highly questionable. He remains, however, a favoured citizen in GCHQ's eyes, so much so that its officials a few weeks ago were prepared to use secret facilities to assist him in avoiding some highly-legitimate questions from the *New Statesman* and the *Daily Mirror*. These incidents, reported below, make a curious contrast with the treatment received by Jock Kane when he attempted to get obvious malpractices investigated — but they form part of a pattern of GCHQ behaviour extending over the past ten years.

As early as 1970 a GCHQ Radio Officer at Little Sai Wan investigated the Ascot Hotel and Dolfra Services. He reported his findings to the Security Office, GCHQ, at a time when a simple check of Hong Kong business records would have exposed the Ascot House Hotel

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affair while it was still going on. No action was taken.

In 1975, after Jock Kane's ill-fated attempt to protest over the vanishing documents, another attempt was made to clean-up financial improprieties with obvious security overtones. At Little Sai Wan GCHQ runs a social club called Ariel House, on the sensible proposition that staff working on ultra-secret material should be provided with recreation facilities free of security risks. But, as Kane states, there is good reason to think that Ariel House has shared in the ubiquitous corruption of Hong Kong life.

One of the first protesters was a GCHQ radio officer who, as he is still serving, must go under the pseudonym of 'Chris Smith'.* Troubled by evidence of bribery and pilfering, he complained to Hong Kong's Independent Commission Against Corruption (ICAC). The fact that he had complained leaked to GCHQ, and he was suspended from duty. Previous complainants had been anonymous, but Smith, on the request of ICAC, gave his name. He was offered the choice of being sent home on disciplinary grounds — his confidential communication with ICAC being represented as an offence — or on spurious medical grounds. He chose the latter, because disciplinary return would have cost his family £2,000. His GCHQ personal record shows him to be a 'casivac' — casualty evacuation.

Eventually, a team from the RAF Provost & Security Service began an investigation, producing an 'Interim Report', led by Squadron Leader B.G. Anstey, on 17 December 1975, stating clearly that the subject was

> The acceptance of 'commissions from members, commissions from suppliers (by Ariel House staff)' and the payment of 'portions of commissions to senior staff at Little Sai Wan'.

But the RAF team, unlike an independent ICAC inquiry, had to report to the same senior GCHQ management who were the subject of their work. The report noted that the policy of the club's Chinese manager, Lennie Leung, was:

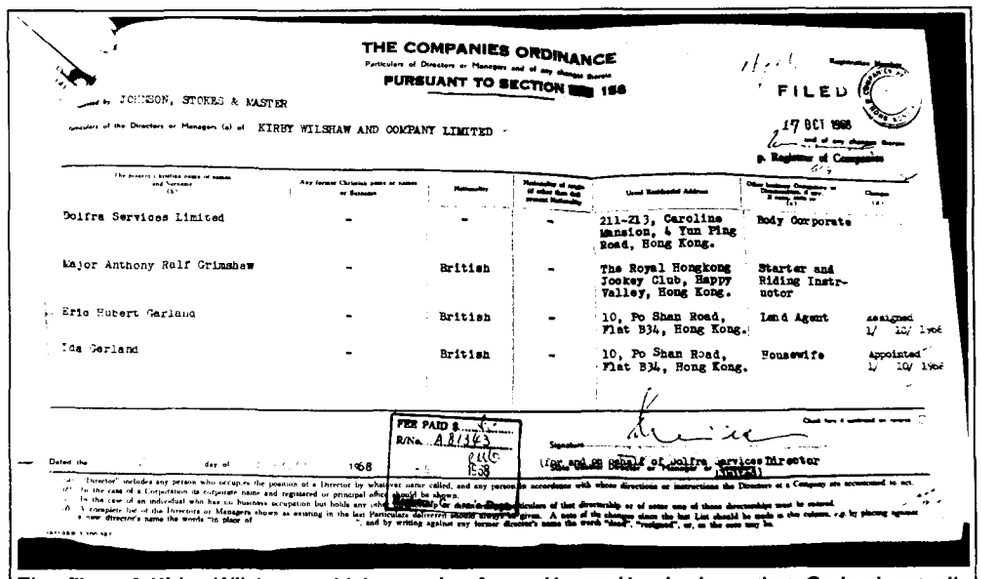
> to meet all senior staff arriving from the UK at the airport ... (he) would attend to their needs and would treat them to expensive dinners at his own expense.

But the interim report said it was not possible to

> make any conclusions ... It is possible to understand that rumour, speculation and considerable ill-feeling is rife (inside Little Sai Wan)

Duncan Campbell

Lennie Leung, former manager of the Ariel House social club, was at the centre of the RAF inquiry into GCHQ corruption. But he wasn't asked the right questions.



THE COMPANIES ORDINANCE

Particulars of Directors or Managers and of any changes therein

PURSUANT TO SECTION 156

FILED

17 OCT 1968

Registrar of Companies

by JOHNSON, STOKES & MASTER

Particulars of the Directors or Managers (a) of KIRBY WILSHAW AND COMPANY LIMITED

The present Christian name or names and Surname (b)	Any former Christian name or names or Surname	Nationality	Nationality of origin if other than present Nationality	Usual Residential Address	Other business Occupation or Directorships if any (c)	Date of appointment
Dolfra Services Limited	-	-	-	211-213, Caroline Mansion, 4 Yun Ping Road, Hong Kong.	Body Corporate	
Major Anthony Ralf Grimshaw	-	British	-	The Royal Hongkong Jockey Club, Happy Valley, Hong Kong.	Starter and Riding Instructor	
Eric Hubert Garland	-	British	-	10, Po Shan Road, Flat B34, Hong Kong.	Land Agent	assigned 1/ 10/ 1968
Ida Garland	-	British	-	10, Po Shan Road, Flat B34, Hong Kong.	Housewife	Appointed 1/ 10/ 1968

FEE PAID $ R/No. A 81142 2.00 6.58

Dated the day of 1968

Signature

(For and on behalf of Dolfra Services Limited) Director

The files of Kirby Wilshaw, which ran the Ascot House Hotel, show that Garland actually registered his civil service job and a directorship of the company at the same time.

There was little further investigation, and no 'final' report. Despite receiving wide-ranging evidence from Kane and others concerning furniture, flat, moving allowances and other frauds, these matters were not reported, let alone examined. At the same time, Anstey reported stunningly trivial allegations of inadequate portions in Ariel House meals. Eventually, ICAC was informed that, after some delay, Ariel House books had been checked by the Defence Auditors, to their satisfaction despite 'discrepancies'.

We attempted to ask Anstey, now promoted to Wing Commander and serving near Bath, why his enquiries had petered out. But the Ministry of Defence forbade him to answer any questions.

THERE ARE more recent signs of determination by GCHQ to keep the lid on their operations in Hong Kong and elsewhere. I did not expect it would be easy to talk to GCHQ officers in Britain about evidence of corruption and security failure, but I found that often they had received explicit forewarning which could only have come from tapping the phones of my colleagues and myself. In Scarborough I called unannounced on Mr Alec Crombie, who had checked on the missing documents at Little Sai Wan. 'I knew you were coming', he said, declining to speak.

I drove from Scarborough to the Hawklaw station in Cupar, Fife. I was able to establish that warning of my arrival at that place specifically had preceded me by two hours. GCHQ could only have learnt of my decision to go to Cupar that particular day through phone-tapping of the *New Statesman*.

These might be portrayed as legitimate security precautions. But the situation became somewhat different in Hong Kong . As I and John Penrose of the *Mirror* prepared to depart, both our phones were tampered with and put out of action: later, the same interference happened to Paul Greengrass of *World in Action* when he began work on Jock Kane's story. Subsequently, a flat in London in which Greengrass stayed was entered by persons who searched all the books and papers there, but left objects of value.

Later in Hong Kong Greengrass was told by a senior intelligence official that Penrose and I had been tapped and bugged while staying at the Hilton Hotel, and that GCHQ claimed at least a dozen 'successes' in taking 'evasive action' against our inquiries. This becomes remarkable when one considers the nature of some of the beneficiaries who were prewarned of our visits.

One of these was the remarkable ex-Defence Land Agent, Eric Garland, who is now Property Manager for the British engineers Freeman Fox and Partners, and operates private businesses through several bank accounts and false names, including 'M.K.Wong' and 'K.T.Young'. He has acquired traceable assets of around £215,000.

In 1976 he leased a flat under his own name for £400 a month, and then as 'K.T.Young' leased it to Freeman Fox's property department — run by himself — for £650 a month. This swindle, wholly against Freeman Fox's rules, netted him about £9,000 over three years: the technique is reminiscent of the GCHQ rent rackets which Jock Kane describes, and there is evidence that Garland himself, as well as GCHQ employees, has practised it before against his Ministry of Defence employers. We obtained proof of Garland's swindle against his employers, in the form of a bizarre correspondence between Garland and 'K.T.Young', and passed it to ICAC, who have since questioned Garland and prepared a report for the Hong Kong Attorney-General involving reportedly £50,000-worth of corruption. Mr Garland, in short, has not changed his spots. But neither has the fact that he can rely on the old GCHQ network to assist in camouflaging them.

Garland's ex-wife, Mrs Ida Garland, phoned Garland and Frank Wilks during our enquiries, to find out what they were saying. It

*We have also used pseudonyms to protect other complainants.

Writing by Candlelight

by E. P. THOMPSON

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was a reasonable enough precaution, in view of their previous attempts to use her as a 'front', and reasonable also that she should record the calls. She has since allowed us to use the recording which provides remarkable evidence about the uses of GCHQ's facilities. Garland told his former wife:

> Don't you say one word, Ida, this is the advice given by the Little Sai Wan people, they're the British Government ... don't say one word at all ... don't even answer them. Say nothing, absolutely, that is the advice given by the Government ... and by Frank's lawyers ... you would do more harm trying to defend it.

Mr Garland was quite clear on the source of his tip-off about us:

> The present administration at Little Sai Wan warned Frank of their coming ... I have had the chief bloke ring me up from Little Sai Wan ... they were warned of Duncan Campbell and Penrose when they came out. The administration of Little Sai Wan have definitely said that nothing should be said.

However, Mr Garland showed some awareness that it might be awkward for the official hand to appear in public. When Mrs Garland asked if she could say to journalists that she had been told to remain silent, he replied:

> Well, I mean I'm not asking you to quote that because of course being government and the Official Secrets Act, this was confidential of course between them and Frank (Wilks) and myself.

Still, Garland and Wilks saw nothing remarkable in GCHQ's intelligence resources being employed to spy on journalists and hamper their inquiries into financial malpractice. Wilks, when he spoke to Mrs Garland, made it clear that GCHQ's warning had come with such speed that it could only have derived from sophisticated surveillance:

> I went to warn Eric (Garland) on the morning that they first came into the place. I went to warn Eric because I was told about them. (The Little Sai Wan people asked me) to keep them informed and at the same time to say as little as was necessary.
>
> *Mrs Garland:* So it's really quite official that we say nothing.
>
> *Wilks:* Oh yes, the less said the better.

Wilks was however quite forthcoming as to his knowledge of the Dolfra fridge fiddle; and its irregularity:

> If anybody had something at Little Sai Wan they shouldn't have had, this is a matter between the individual and the department ... It was the individual who was breaking the rules regarding the department and it is him that's in the soup.

And although he knew better than most exactly what the rules said, he didn't mind:

> If he came up to me and said he wanted a fridge, well he got a fridge, that's OK.

Wilks went on to explain the source of his information:

> Don Cook, he's the chap who relieved me when I left ... now the boss there ... He spoke to me to give me warning because I was one of the members of the setup for so long ... gave me a bit of warning that they were likely to ask questions and would I be on my guard in other words...
>
> He warned me that Campbell was coming and I went straight down and told Eric ... If you want to you can phone him ... say you've been approached by these people, he'll probably say you can give us a small report on the subject ... I'm going to see him Monday afternoon.

From other sources, we learned that a message had been sent from GCHQ Cheltenham to Little Sai Wan on 28 February, warning of our arrival *while we were still in flight.* A second message was distributed to GCHQ staff two days after we arrived.

Mr Don Cook of GCHQ seems to have been anxious that Wilks and Garland should be fully-armed with propaganda for dissuading potential witnesses — for both of them recited almost identical 'briefings'. According to Garland, Kane and his friends were

> employed by Little Sai Wan, not the authority themselves, these little men ... the jumped-up corporals, very strong in the unions ... went to England and made allegations against the big wigs at Little Sai Wan.

Kane, although certainly a union member, is determinedly non-political. Garland also recited a somewhat hazy briefing about the *New Statesman* representative:

> Campbell and some other name I can't remember, but they are on a two year suspended sentence for contravening the Official Secrets Act and causing a nuisance of themselves through a publication. That's the class of people you're dealing with. (*Ed note: Campbell was in fact a defendant in the Offical Secrets trial, but it ended with a conditional discharge.*)

But when asked for details about the Ascot House Hotel, Mr Garland was less forthcoming:

> I'm not even sure that it's good for you to know all the details because if you won't know them then you can't say anything...

Frank Wilks offered an almost identical account of my personality and Kane's, to which he added the remarks quoted earlier about GCHQ's enjoyment of the secret vote. He went on to complain that people were trying to upset this admirable arrangement:

> ...they've got what they call a free vote. Now these left-wing organisations are trying to uncover all this and by doing so what they're saying is that these particular people are spending money at will without any consideration, without the public knowing where it's going, and they're accusing the set-up of wastefulness.

Mr Wilks puts the point succinctly. Given this glimpse of GCHQ manipulation, it becomes easier to see why the RAF inquiry into Ariel House never got past the 'interim' stage. We know that the team asked repeatedly to see Radio Supervisor John Roberts, who had evidence relating to the Ascot Hotel, and the furniture and rental swindles. He had by then returned to Britain, but was due to make a short visit to Hong Kong early in 1976. GCHQ promised to notify the RAF team of Roberts' arrival — but they failed to do so, and Squadron Leader Anstey's colleagues heard nothing more till Roberts was back in Britain. Jock Kane learnt that subsequently a senior GCHQ official spoke to Roberts at the Bletchley Park training school and told him to 'keep his mouth shut'. In the light of the earlier passages, it seems likely that Mr Kane's information is correct. (Another source has indeed confirmed that this incident took place.)

And it will hardly cause surprise to say that when we interviewed Lennie Leung, the social-club manager who entertained GCHQ's bosses so lavishly, we found him well-prepared. He admitted that he already knew that we were going to ask about Little Sai Wan and his relations with its officials.

This week's article closes with another mystery. Jock Kane's final hope of official inquiry was a Cabinet Office investigation under Sir James Waddell, a retired senior Home Office civil servant. But Sir James himself agrees that although the allegations were 'serious enough to merit a top level enquiry', he has not been asked to take any action on them since he wrote his report before the last election in May 1979. When asked whether he had gone so far as to make inquiries in Hong Kong, he declined to comment. Nevertheless, last week the government was still reassuring MPs that enquiries were proceeding and that GCHQ wasn't 'leaky'. We know of no enquiries. Our information from officials inside Little Sai Wan is that Top Secret documents are still going missing.

Next week, the NEW STATESMAN will report further on the GCHQ scandal. Including: more networks of British and Chinese fiddlers on GCHQ's elastic budget; the call-girl racket that confronts GCHQ staff; how secrets can get cleaned out of Little Sai Wan; the incompetence of GCHQ's intelligence staff; and more on the cover-up.

A pregnant myth

Ros Franey writes: The Housing (Homeless Persons) Act, which has generally been working well over two years, has come under attack from a handful of Tory MPs who are seriously threatening its future.

One of the most picturesque — and pernicious — of the myths is 'get pregnant and get yourself a home', always a winner with the sensationalist press. Putney MP David Mellor told the House of Commons of a case 'well documented in the archives of Wandsworth Town Hall' of a girl allocated housing because she was pregnant. 'She then had an abortion. She went back to the Town Hall with a cushion strapped round her waist and tried to persuade officials that she was still pregnant and should have a home.'

This claim was immediately challenged from many quarters and Shelter's magazine *Roof* traced the story to its source. Wandsworth's press office told *Roof* that there had been a case last year in which a woman failed to inform the council she had had an abortion. However, the press office insisted there had never been any direct evidence she had padded herself with cushions.

But was this the right case? When *Municipal Journal* pursued the matter the council dredged up a different story, in which a woman, promised housing on the strength of her pregnancy, failed to produce a baby.

David Mellor says his informant was Wandsworth's assistant housing chairman, Stephanie McKenzie-Hill. McKenzie-Hill says 'it may not have been documented'. She got it from chatting to officers in the homeless section — the same officers who told the press office there was no evidence of cushions.

Another current myth is the belief that the homeless are preventing lettings to those on waiting lists — 'our own sons and daughters', is the phrase being used. In fact, many homeless families are already on the waiting list. Richmond MP Toby Jessell quotes an increase in the homeless from 60 to 140 housed a year in his borough: 'about three quarters were young couples who had quarrelled with their parents'— just the type who are supposedly *not* being housed because of an increase in the 'homeless'.

A further contention — Lord Denning's 'advanced tide' of families from abroad 'swamping' airport authorities — turns out to be xenophobic nonsense. The numbers are tiny: even in Hillingdon they don't get two cases a month.

Finally, it's argued that people make themselves homeless in order to jump the housing queue. The Act leaves local authorities to make their own judgment of whether a household is 'intentionally homeless'. There is no appeal to the courts if they follow the procedure correctly, but where this has been questioned the courts have upheld council decisions. Of course, if the authority fails to consider the facts of a case the courts do intervene: Afan, Wandsworth, Slough and Kensington and Chelsea have all had decisions reversed for making blanket policies as to whether families were homeless intentionally. When authorities such as these seek to change the law to 'increase local discretion' they presumably want local discretion to ignore the Act altogether.

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CZECHOSLOVAKIA

'Without music, Mr Tomin...'

Exasperated by the security state's continued harassment of him and of his philosophy classes, Dr Julius Tomin sent an open letter to the Czech Minister of the Interior last weekend, announcing the start of a ten day hunger strike. He headed the letter: 'Must it have been?'

Prague, 10 May

Mr Minister,

On Wednesday 7 May at noon I delivered in person to the Federal Ministry of Internal Affairs a letter in which I informed you about my serious worries that servants of your department intend once more to misuse the 19th paragraph of law 40/74 which empowers members of the security forces 'to demand the required explanation from anyone who could contribute to the clarification of matters important to the investigation of a civil offence, or other breach of statutory duty, or help in the search for missing persons or property'. I then let you know of my serious anxiety that members of the security forces would like to misuse the above paragraph in order to impede me and my friends from engaging in our joint study of the elements of philosophical thoughts.

On Wednesday the 7th at seven o'clock in the evening I wanted to give a class on Aristotle's *Metaphysics* in my flat, to a few of my friends. I told you that, should my anxieties prove justified and the security forces, under your command, prevent me by force from lecturing on Aristotle's *Metaphysics* Book 1, I would in protest begin a 10-day hunger-strike. Mr Minister, let me describe to you the manner of my last interrogation following the invitation 'to give an explanation in accordance with paragraph 19 of law number 40/74; and in the case of non-attendance to face a summons'.

As I informed you in my last letter, I was invited to the police station on Fr. Kriska no. 24. I accepted the invitation and came at three in the afternoon; I waited a moment in the entrance hall until the arrival of an elderly gentleman, who informed me that he was not acquainted with the matter, and the investigating officer was on his way. Then he began to talk about music, assuring me that I would, as a philosopher, greet his comments with interest. He spoke of our national music, and its part in the life of the nation, saying that, so long as our country lives, so too will we play the music of Smetana.

He turned to the subject of baroque music, and of the deep impression which it leaves on the human spirit: 'Without music, Mr Tomin, I could not imagine my life. I do not want to reproach our modern youth; nevertheless, nowadays young people do not understand music as we older people understand it. Bach said that all men should *learn* to understand music, and it is true that, in my case, I did not grasp the meaning of Smetana's *Bartered Bride* as I now do. As a boy I could not understand my mother when she asked me to sit in the meadow and listen to the song of a skylark. Music is like love. Sensible women tell us that the best lovers are men between forty and fifty. Take Beethoven, for example. How pure and sensitive a soul, and yet how revolutionary was his music! He would have been killed among the first by the Nazis, for they could not understand such music. So gentle a man, and how loved by women! His nephew took advantage of it, indeed appropriating for himself as mistresses the women who loved his uncle. But Beethoven needed to express, in love just as in music, sensitivity before all other things. And so he lived, in the end, with a hunchback.'

The elderly gentleman in civilian clothes recounted that he worked as an extra in the Theatre, and that he had managed to talk about art with our greatest artists. He described to me the structure of a violin, and the art involved in making one and mentioned that he had discussed the problem with some of our greatest scientists. Then, changing the subject, he referred to the concerts arranged for the Prague spring festival, and commented on the various performances of Smetana's *My Country*. 'Mr Tomin, how Smetana must have loved the Czech people; what beautiful relations must he have had with the peasantry!'

AT about 5.30, the elderly gentleman with musical interests was replaced by a young man, also in civilian clothes, who announced that I could have been sentenced for damaging the interests of the state abroad, and he began to read extracts from the foreign press which described, for the most part accurately, the harassment by the police of our Wednesday discussions of philosophy.

Shortly after half past six I was transferred to the police station at Bartholomew Street. There members of the Secret Police worked on me. Two of them in particular impressed themselves on my memory. Policeman A — they neglected to introduce themselves — walked around the interrogation office, and every time he passed me, struck me bluntly on the head, and then pulled my hair, saying, 'Don't go to sleep here, Mr Tomin'. He took a step to the door, a step back, and repeated the performance. I could relax only during the five steps that he sometimes took towards the window and the five steps back to me. For variety, Policeman A merely pulled violently at the hair of my temples, one side when going to the window, and the other side when walking to the door.

Another policeman stayed in the room meanwhile, standing motionless by the window. They did not interrogate me, but conducted a dialogue between themselves. A: 'Could this be a philosopher?' B: 'Fortunately his philosophy can be seen through by a little child.' A: 'He is crazy and belongs in a mental hospital.'

A: 'They say he has a doctorate. I would like to know what he gave for it.' B: 'He is in the business for money, what can you expect? He must have bought the degree as well.' After some time A exclaimed: 'We forbid your lectures! And you will listen to us! And get up! You will want to stand up when I talk to you!'

I recalled, Mr Minister, the second paragraph of law, 40/79, concerning the security forces: 'The security forces help the citizen to exact his rights and to maintain his dignity and personal freedom in accordance with the law and interests of our socialist society.'

I remained sitting. Policeman A and B jumped on me, pulled me to my feet, seized me by the collar of the shirt and pulled me to the wall. Policeman B: 'Lean against the wall! Now take one step forward! I took one step forward. Policeman A: 'Now we see that you can learn obedience! And it didn't require very much.' So I went to sit down. They shouted, and demanded that I stand up; then jumping again on me they twisted my arm behind my back, and finally threw me to the floor. When I tried to lift at least my head Policeman A hit it down. They were breathing heavily, and moving wildly around the room. A kicked my head and, after a moment, they jumped on me once more and, by twisting my arms, raised me almost to my feet before letting me fall again. Then they took my legs and began to lift them, in order to hold me standing on my head.

AT last, no doubt through fatigue, they called for help and together made me sit down on the chair. Others arrived and were told: 'Imagine! He has been lying on the floor again! What an exhibitionist!' The reply was: 'He should be in a mental hospital. Everyone knows that!' After a while B picked up some of the official record paper: 'We warn you for stopping (sic) your lecturing activities immediately. Otherwise we prevent it by every lawful means. Do you take this warning?'

I dictated and they wrote in the record: I cannot accept this warning since it involves a contradiction. I am certain that there are no lawful means whereby, in our country ...' At this moment they interrupted me, saying that I had no right to the words 'our country' since my country is England. The official record then remained unfinished and unsigned.

The group of policemen who had worked on me for two hours left, to be replaced once more by the elderly gentleman who had spoken previously to me about 'my country'. He seemed a little tired now, and so he spoke about his father whom he loved very much, and who smoked a hundred cigarettes a day. In the mornings he would cough heavily and he was now very ill; they all, mother and children, had to sit continually in the atmosphere of cigarette smoke. Apparently this habit of his father's had begun in the war, and it was for this reason that the elderly gentleman remained a non-smoker. He spoke of his mother who had prophetic dreams which would be confirmed on the radio in the mornings. He himself was a materialist; nevertheless it seemed to him that they could be transmitted, just as radio or television waves are transmitted, through space; a doctor had explained to him that the brain is more sensitive at night and able to pick up influences which would not affect it by day.

Then Policeman B returned with his company, and I was taken to Konviktska St where I was detained for 48 hours in a cell. The reason for the detention was not given. When I at last got home I learned that during that same evening eleven of my friends were taken from my flat, interrogated and detained for forth-eight hours. Mr Minister, I hereby announce that on Wednesday 7th at 6.30 pm in the afternoon I began a ten-day hunger strike.

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Courtroom Diary

☐'Judges rule not OK' has been the theme of a week in which trade unionists and television interviewers were neatly nailed into legal coffins. Would different judges rule differently? In Britain the notion of a left-wing judge is a contradiction in terms, although the experiment was tried in Australia during the Whitlam years. One labour appointee, a Mr Justice Staples, so alienated the Fraser Government by finding in favour of workers that they sent him around the world as a 'special commissioner for human rights' — anything to get him out of the industrial court. He soon tired of writing unread reports and returned to the bench, where his judgments displayed a consistent bias in favour of trade unions. Last week he was 'released' from his judicial duties — ostensibly for giving an outspoken radio interview — in a move which the Labour Party alleges is a rank piece of Government interference with the independence of the judiciary.

It upsets the natural order of things when judges turn anti-establishment. Remember the Republican hue and cry to impeach Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, on the pretext that the great liberal had given an outspoken interview to an erotic magazine? The real reason was his bias in favour of the poor and oppressed. 'There will be no one on the Court who cares for blacks, Chicanos, defendants and the environment', Douglas muttered when refusing to resign after a massive heart attack. 'Even if I'm half dead, maybe it will make a difference about someone getting an education.' Lord Denning, who this year equals Douglas's record of 36 years on the bench, offers a more acceptable reason for going on: 'It is because I like the work.'

☐Lord Hailsham's weekend appeal to the Methodism in Len Murray's madness rather assumes that it is always morally wrong to break the law. Bentham argued for a moral right to break the law as an act of conscience, if the lawbreaker accepts the legal consequence. Thus workers are morally entitled to withdraw labour in conscientious protest against Government policy, so long as they are prepared to lose a day's pay. Self-sacrifice, after all, is the acid test of genuine protest. Similarly, journalists would be morally (though not legally) entitled to defy a Court in order to keep their solemn promises. In 1971 BBC reporter Bernard Falk went to jail rather than disclose the identity of an IRA interviewee, and three journalists were imprisoned in 1964 for refusing to declare their Vassall sources. One of them was released after two days when his mole broke the surface, but Granada researchers may not be so lucky. BSC is a comfortable burrow for top executives these days. Benthamites could argue that the law might benefit from a show of defiance, quite apart from well-researched documentaries on prison overcrowding. Great reforms have been won by editors prepared to risk prison for their principles, and the action for breach of confidence is overdue for reform. Created last century by judges to protect secret patents, its tentacles have recently been extended to restrict divulgence of Cabinet secrets (the Crossman diaries case), suppress investigative reporting (Thalidomide) and delay book publication (Charles Raw's account of Slater Walker). Ten years ago the Younger Report on Privacy demanded legislative action, with the prophetic warning that 'it would not be satisfactory simply to leave this branch of the law, with its many uncertainties, to await further development and clarification in the courts'. But there Parliament has left it, ignoring a 1974 Law Commission report which argued that the press should have just the sort of broad public interest defence which might have saved Granada.

☐Mind you, if Mr Whitelaw understands the *sub judice* rule correctly, I should not be commenting on the BSC case at all. When Michael Foot criticised the judgment and challenged the Government to review the law, he received the dusty reply: 'I have learnt one thing as Home Secretary — in no way to comment on matters which are still subject to due process of law in this country.' Sorry, Mr Whitelaw, you have learnt nothing as Home Secretary. Let Lord Denning, speaking for the Court of Appeal, put you right:

> We do not fear criticism, nor do we resent it. For there is something more important at stake. It is no less than freedom of speech itself. It is the right of every man, in Parliament or out of it, in the press or over the broadcast, to make fair comment, even outspoken comment, on matters of public interest. Those who comment can deal faithfully with all that is done in a Court of Justice. They can say we are mistaken, and our decisions erroneous, whether they are subject to appeal or not.

The defendant acquitted by those stirring words was Mr Quintin Hogg, who had taken to writing criticisms of the Courts in *Punch* while out of office. It is time they were heeded by Ministers — Tory and Labour alike — who traditionally hide behind a mistaken *sub judice* convention to dodge awkward parliamentary questions.

☐The Law Commission will shortly recommend abolition of many obsolete and forgotten laws — like the 1806 statute which still forbids London cabbies, on pain of a month's imprisonment, from 'plying for hire in the vicinity of Bloomsbury Square'. On their list is the 1797 Unlawful Oaths Act, under which certain Dorset labourers were transported to Botany Bay in 1836. Somehow, successive Labour governments never bothered to repeal the law which made the Tolpuddle Martyrs. But is it really obsolete? It punishes, *inter alia,* those who engage to obey the orders 'of any leader or commander or other person not having authority by law for that purpose'. Including, perhaps, a trade union leader who orders a 'political' strike? Wake up, Express Newspapers, while glorious martyrdom is still possible. Transportation to the Australian bush has been replaced by assisted immigration, but workers who unlawfully pledge solidarity with Len Murray might yet end up printing T-shirts at Wormwood Scrubs.

☐ I see that an enterprising director is to make a film for Saudi television about Princess Margaret. If he really wants to avenge *Death of a Princess* he should instead take a look at the law which blights Prince Charles's marriage prospects. It's Section 5 (2) of the Treason Act 1351, which spells death for marital infidelity to the Sovereign, or to the Sovereign's eldest son and heir. This statute, under which Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard lost their heads, has never been repealed, although in 1812 the hangman's noose replaced the executioner's axe as the preferred method for despatching consorts who fancy a bit on the Royal side. The death penalty is still in force for high treason, and I suspect Prince Charles is just too much of a gentleman to expose any poor gel to its potential rigours.

☐A more serious relationship between the British crown and the death penalty was brought home to me in a recent discussion with Jamaican lawyers about the plight of dozens of men who have been languishing for years on death row. All executions on the island were suspended while Michael Manley valiantly strove to abolish capital punishment. When his Bill was defeated he appointed a Royal Commission, and a further suspension was granted. It has not yet reported, but the secretary to the Governor-General has already selected the first five victims who will start to swing if (as seems likely) Manley loses the imminent elections. One of the unhappier facts about executions in Jamaica, Trinidad, Barbados, Hong Kong and Singapore is that they are still carried out under a Royal Warrant signed by the Queen's representative, frequently after final appeals have been dismissed by Her Majesty's Privy Council in Downing Street. Although Britain cannot abolish the death penalty in independent states, it could at least heed Amnesty International's call to withdraw the helping hand it holds out to the hangman.

Geoffrey Robertson

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐'For example, in the English middle class it is good manners to wait until the hostess is served before starting to eat. Among the aristocracy and the middle class anywhere else that is bad manners. You start as soon as you are served. I am middle class, but I can see it has merit that you get your food hot.' — *Daily Telegraph* (Gregory Tesser)

☐British fish and chips in newspaper are safe from EEC bureaucrats. Lord O'Hagan, Conservative Euro-MP for Devon, found EEC chiefs uninterested in ordinary British eating habits. — *Daily Telegraph* (Gregory Tesser)

☐A bus driver who wants to build a nuclear shelter in his back yard yesterday appealed to a Department of Social Security tribunal against their refusal to grant him £3,000 in supplementary benefit to cover the cost. — *Guardian* (Pat Watson)

☐He later told the Ham and High he was not a sexist and nor did he object to married women. 'I keep one at home myself,' he said. — *Hampstead and Highgate Express* (Juliet Gardiner)

☐The idea began with a series of programmes in 1969 called *Country Boy.* In these Mike Borne, the 14-year-old son of a man who was then a Fulham window cleaner, was taught how to ride, fish and climb a gate. The boy was changed utterly and is now an actor at the Young Vic. — *Observer* (Mrs N. Lawson)

☐Landlord Ernie Roughley waited expectantly for a TV star to knock over his pub's huge pile of pennies. But when soccer personality Mike Summerbee and Rugby League stars George Fairbairn and Danny Campbell of Wigan turned up, they were shown the red card. Mr Roughley said: 'The pile stays. They are not famous enough. — *Daily Mail* (Leo Frain)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

What are little girls made of?

From Joan Trewern

It was a relief to turn the page to Elsa Ferri's review (NS 18 April) and find that the *New Statesman* wasn't really slipping back into the Dark Ages. While most of Morris Fraser's observations are fair enough, he seems to have missed the main point about sexism in girls' upbringing, which is not whether girls should be allowed to express 'inbuilt preferences' whatever they eventually turn out to be, but that almost the whole of society is heavily weighted against the development in girls of interesting new activities, and the confidence to undertake them.

'Perhaps,' he suggests, 'there is such a thing as neurosis caused by denying preferences that are inbuilt', and educators should tread warily for fear of harming the very young. Whatever the value of this nebulous proposition, we would certainly agree that denial of deeply-felt convictions, however arrived at, can cause severe pain and distress in people of all ages. Many adults who influence children's upbringing seek to preserve their own mental and emotional equilibrium by maintaining traditional attitudes, and it is this factor that most seriously hinders the progress of equal opportunity for girls.

As to the wisdom of the illustrators who introduced that 'most fearsome and hairy Labrador' into the picture of a little girl 'beaming soppily on her doll', our guess is that the dog was added simply to enliven this picture of a tedious female stereotype, a cosmetic operation that has obviously worked for Morris at least.

In Queensland, a new programme, imaginatively and carefully planned — by women — aims at extending pre-school education for 900 children scattered over the vast outback. The programme is entitled *The Child and His World*, and develops its theme through a series of publications beginning with a book called *Me*, about a boy, John. Mothers are to be the chief agents handling the books, tapes and other materials, under the guidance of a distant teacher who will make a flying visit (i.e. by aircraft) to each family, or gathering of families, once a year. The questions we are asking the Queensland Preschool Service are:

1) If the programme were called *A Child and Her World*, starting with a book, *Me*, about a girl, Jenny, would it be acceptable — or even barely tolerable? 2) How can little girls be expected to identify sufficiently with a little boy to take full advantage of such a crucial programme? 3) How can a conscientious mnother of a little girl, without professional training as most of them are, cope with a programme so wide of the mark? 4) Will the programme be changed before it hits any more of its unsuspecting targets?

As Morris Fraser awaits conclusive evidence of the all-pervasive influence of the Y chromosome, maybe he could ask himself — from time to time — if the well-documented 'inbuilt preference' in humankind for the powerful to oppress, exploit and deprive the weak is to be forever accepted — or even barely tolerated.

Women's Electoral Lobby, Cairns, PO Box 165, Smithfield, Queensland 4871, Australia

Proper pride

From John Knight

I am concerned about reactions to the recent SAS assault on the Iranian embassy. Certainly, we cannot tolerate terrorism of this sort. Certainly, the SAS deserve our praise and thanks in this matter. But this should be sombre thanks. It is no reason to dance in the street and sing the national anthem. I regret that we should have to meet violence with violence. What distresses me most is that people seem so gleeful about this display of strength. This reaction seems to reflect a general malaise: adulation of those who get what they want by violent (legitimate) means. 'Sheer damned patriotic pride', one daily paper declared. The Conservatives have made much of the 'law and order' idea. I hope the SAS assault does not cloud discussion in these areas.

A few successful bursts of an automatic weapon, a flash and bang. Is this the only thing that instils pride into an Englishman's breast? Surely the state of law and order generally in our country should be the source of lasting pride? And what of law and order generally? The London police are being investigated. There are disturbing reports of deaths in police custody. The prison population has risen above what a former Home Secretary called the 'crisis point'. Large numbers of people are held on remand in prison for months, sometimes years, before their trials.

Let us not be deflected from the recurrent and pervasive issues of law and order.

Emmanuel College, Cambridge

IBA powers

From Dr Shirley Summerskill MP

You comment (NS 2 May) that the Broadcasting Bill gives the IBA 'unprecedented powers' to renew Independent Local Radio (and perhaps television) franchises through a system of rolling contracts. This was taken up strongly in Committee and on my asking for a clarification of Clause 23 (1B) the Minister gave an assurance that such rolling contracts for radio would not last beyond eight years when a fresh contract would come into existence. 'Before it does so', he stated, 'the procedure. . .for obtaining the views of the public applies.'

What the Minister did not say is what matters. It needs to be made clear that, at an eight-year interval, the IBA would be expected to place a franchise open to competitive tender again or to exercise open procedures which would allow local interest groups to replace those shareholders considered to be unsatisfactory in performance.

In broadcasting, public accountability requires the ongoing sanction of losing a licence. Against our opposition, this Bill expands the life of the Independent Broadcasting Authority for 15 years — the span of three Parliaments, at least. It would be contrary to the public interest and to the development of broadcasting standards if present commercial broadcasting contractors thought that their profitable pastures would last this long.

House of Commons, London SW1

Fair to Cleaver?

From John Murray

I've always enjoyed Julian Barnes's TV column, but I was good and sickened by that unthinking and nasty piece (NS 2 May) about Eldridge Cleaver. While impressed by the subtle aesthetic blend of art and sociological insight he reckons was demonstrated by Ian McEwan in *The Imitation Game*, Barnes himself seems to be densely astigmatic with regard to the much cruder living sociology of poor American blacks in the Fifties and Sixties. Perhaps he might reflect that anyone in Cleaver's early boots might well have ended up 'thief, gangster and rapist' (what a compassionate triplet that is, too!) and that for large parts of the world the politics of hatred are much easier to imbibe than they are in the grammar school/Oxbridge tunnel most NS reviewers crawl their way through.

As for the 'disgustingly pat', 'vaunting, contented way' Cleaver explained his past, that is all so much phooey. It was true that in the explanation of his rapes he was faltering and numbly oblique in his responses, but that hardly qualifies him as being smug or egotistical. And what a pity Cleaver couldn't have been as epigrammatic as Barnes when he was recounting his near-suicide and his vision (so Cleaver believed) of Christ. Barnes's clichéd NS rhetorical turns are little more original than Cleaver's phrase 'No input into the decision-making process', and twice as snottish and humbug-filled.

Nor did he mention what Cleaver is doing now in the way of preaching non-violence to black kids in the US gaols. Nor that most affecting moment when he said words to the effect that love was always better than hatred in anyone's book and that was the beginning and the end of it for him. To turn from angry bloodlust to such Christian love makes him of big enough 'stature' wouldn't you think?

The Flat, Orchard Lodge, Warwick Road, Banbury, Oxon

Pawns in the mental health game

From George Cowley

As an 'ex'-schizophrenic now living in the community (although I'm an out-of-work 'scrounger', due to circumstances rather than choice, and I still have monthly injections of Modicate), reading Judith Cook's article (NS 9 May) makes me feel temporarily wretched. I feel like a very small, inarticulate pawn in some nebulous game of chess between the health authorities and the general public. Is it surprising that people like me, the 'nobodies' of society, sometimes — just sometimes — long for the moment when the whole game will be over and all the pieces put away in the black box for good?

20 Keswick Drive, Warndon, Worcester

Jesus's birthday

From R.J.S. Baker

The precise year of Jesus's birth is surely of absolutely no importance, whatever religious or anti-religious views of beliefs one may hold. But it is stretching credulity beyond all reasonable limits to postulate the existence of some genius who simply *invented* such a character as Jesus and induced large numbers of people to believe in him and upset their lives as a result within 30 years or so of his supposed death. I do not think anyone doubts the existence of the Buddha, although the earliest documentary evidence is some 300 years after his death.

Hardingley, Cowley Lane, Holmesfield, Sheffield.

In a name?

From Noel Pollard

I was interested to read the letters from Adam Stout (NS 11 April) and Ralph Simmons (NS 25 April) on county names, for in spite of an overwhelming local petition from people wishing to stay in Somerset, this part of the county became Avon. A more meaningless and undescriptive title than Avon is hard to imagine — the Celtic name for 'river'. There are at least six river Avons in the southwest area, the best known being of course the Stratford Avon: there are even more in Wales and several in Scotland.

The Clearing, Brockley Hall, Backwell, Bristol.

Literary delicacy

From David Caute

In horrified response to the menacing letter from the vigilantes of the Agnes Varda Women's Collective, I hereby found a Defence League to protect the civil liberties of Necrophiliacs, now in peril. Supporters write urgently to Ms de Meaner.

London (address withheld)

Niggle

From Alan Thomas

I suppose this is a bit of a niggle, but Bob Scott (Weekend Competition NS 25 April) might like to know that lorries use diesel, which contains no lead.

261 Dunchurch Road, Rugby

Islam traduced?

From Jamil Ahmad

The Saudi storm over the ITV film *Death of a Princess* that led to a major diplomatic incident has not come unexpectedly. No one disputes the freedom of the media and Saudis have recognised this freedom. What pains me is that the media in this country too easily criticise and insult things Muslims do and they take liberties which they do not take with followers of other religions. Television companies must not adopt a hostile attitude just to prove they are above material considerations.

14 Charminster Avenue, London SW19

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

C.S.L. Davies

One Metre, 66 Centimetres

The Institutions of France under the Absolute Monarchy, 1598-1789: Society and the State by ROLAND E. MOUSNIER, translated by Brian Pearce *Chicago* £27

Roland Mousnier stands apart among French historians. Since the war the historical profession in France has been dominated by the 'Annales' school, so-called from its journal, *Annales: Economies, Sociétés, Civilisations.* Whatever their disagreements with the Marxists, the Annalistes have been men of the left. And, whatever their passing fads and fancies, they have been primarily concerned with the 'people'; Pierre Goubert's starving peasants of the Beauvaisis, le Roy Ladurie's Montaillou shepherds telling all to the Inquisition. Mousnier is very decidedly of the right. He is evidently a Catholic, a patriot, and in that sense, one would judge, a Gaullist. Most French historical writing is firmly rooted in the economic base, firmly rooted, too, in the provinces. Mousnier, on the other hand, seems to see French society from the centre outwards, a series of problems to be solved by government, the point of view of the mandarin, the *haut fonctionnaire*.

He made his reputation with a massive thesis on the 'Venality of Offices' in the early 17th century (1945), arguing characteristically that the purchase of public office was less deleterious than the only real alternative at the time, a patronage system operated by great men. He has, it is true, written a good deal about peasant revolts. But that arose from a polemic with a Russian historian, Boris Porchnev. Mousnier denied the 'class' character of these revolts. The 'vertical' ties of society were more important than any element of 'horizontal' class distinction. Peasants were more likely to rebel in support of their lords against interference from outside, especially from tax-levying central government, than they were to protest against excessive rents.

More generally, Mousnier has campaigned vigorously, in his *Social Hierarchies,* for an interpretation of 'early modern' society as one of 'orders' rather than 'classes'; a society in which men were distinguished not by their economic rôle as by 'the esteem, honour, and dignity accorded by society to social functions which have no connection with the production of material goods'. That, he implies, was the case in 1600: it was ceasing to be true by 1789, while in the 19th century a 'true class society' emerged, 'when supreme social esteem, honour, social dignity were accorded to the entrepreneur', when it was 'the rôle played in the means of production of material goods and secondarily the money acquired by that rôle which placed individuals in the different degrees of the social hierarchy'. Mousnier's tendency to a rather abstract systematisation is apparent. He is, of course, dealing with ideals. But even on that level he seems to underestimate the rôle of capital in the earlier period, and the obstinate survival of value-systems not directly related to money in the latter.

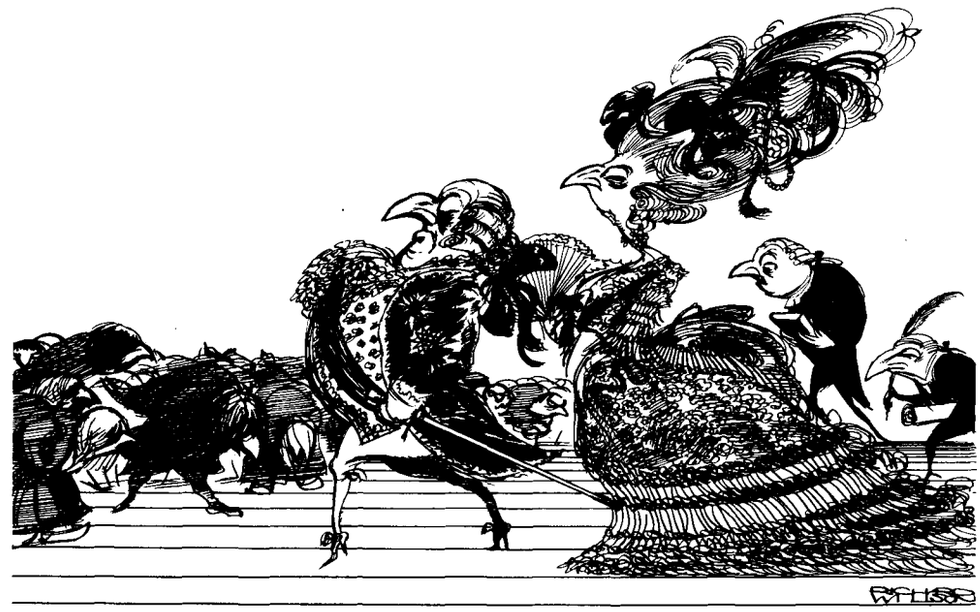
Given the chasm which Mousnier sees between the society of the 17th century and that of the 19th, one might have expected in this massive (780 page) book some explanation of how the change came about. Plainly the suppression of the Ancien Régime, the coming of the Revolution, is symptomatic of the change. But nobody looking for an explanation of the Revolution will find much help in the *Institutions of France.* Two factors are mentioned: the increasing irrelevance of the 'society of orders' to the world as it developed in the 18th century; and the undermining by rationalism of the religious mystique which held the old society together. No attempt, however, is made to work out the connection between the two factors; or even to analyse, in 600 pages supposedly devoted to 'society', economic developments. Still less, given that Mousnier apparently shares with the Annales school a distaste for narrative history, for mere 'history of events', can we look for any analysis of the political breakdown of the late 18th century, the suppression of the Parlements in 1771, or the immediate economic circumstances of the Revolution.

For all its size, the *Institutions* is not a complete work. The original French edition of 1974 is entitled Volume I; the second volume has not appeared, and there seems no clue about what it would contain. Is, for instance, the curiously truncated 'Part II' of the present work (a mere hundred pages or so) devoted to the state, just a prologue to an extended treatment in the second volume? If so, complaints about *lacunae* are out of place. But in that case the publishers should have made the position very much clearer.

This is, then, an incomplete work, oddly proportioned, alternately tediously encyclopaedic and breathtakingly skimpy (manual workers get only 20 pages, the 'poor' less then five). It does provide some useful information on comparative income levels, and on the pattern of marriage alliances. One important conclusion is that the distinction between the military and the legal aristocracy, 'épée' and 'robe', was very much more real than most historians have allowed. But it is not a book to turn to discover what life was like for most Frenchmen; not even for the upper-classes, let alone for the poor. Better by far turn to Olwen Hufton's perceptive and humane *The Poor of Eighteenth-Century France.*

What Mousnier does provide is a guide to the formal structures of society, the distinctions which so obsessed St Simon, and which appear to us so trivial. Princesses of the blood had parasols carried by their servants during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, peeresses carried their own, other ladies processed without protection. Peers were asked their opinion before the magistrates of the Paris Parlement; the premier president uncovered when addressing princes of the blood, but kept his hat on when addressing other peers. Mousnier attempts to explain the reasons for this sort of symbolism, this attention to niceties of rank, in terms of the importance of corporations in Ancien Régime society. Frenchmen thought of themselves not so much as individuals, not even as subjects, but as members of an elaborate hierarchy of corporations, occupational status groups with legal identities, each with its inherited code of privileges to be defended against encroachment by its rivals, and if possible extended at their expense. (A point long ago and very well made by de Tocqueville.) This particularism, this touchiness about corporate dignity, meant a society perpetually on the verge of disorder. The emphasis on royal sovereignty, the elaborate PR exercise which was Versailles, was a necessary antidote to the incipient incohesion of French society.

On the face of it all this appears in remarkable contrast to the political unity and social openness of 18th-century England; much



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less stiflingly a society of corporations, much less a 'society of orders', already more of a 'class' society. Social distinctions in France were, it seems, so much more formal and elaborate, so much more susceptible to rules. It all fits very neatly into the national stereotypes; and the difference was, of course, frequently remarked at the time. But was even French society quite as artificial, quite as wooden as Mousnier suggests? As far as the mass of the bourgeoisie is concerned, Mousnier appears to be saying little more than that people married in their own social groups and that social distinctions were not simply and solely according to wealth. The further down the social scale Mousnier goes, the more surrealistic his theoretical descriptions. Beggars, he explains, formed an 'order in society'; within that order, the blind and the lame formed an 'estate superior to that of other beggars', because of 'the rôle played in the Gospels by persons of their sort'.

In spite of its rather odd angle of vision Mousnier's book contains a mass of useful information on a variety of (rather haphazardly selected) subjects; the technical thickets of landholding and inheritance, the clerical estate, he legal status of Protestants and Jews, and so on. I hope, however, the book will not generate a new myth about puny Frenchmen. 'Normally', writes Mousnier, 'the height of a Frenchman did not exceed 5 feet 1 inch, or 5 feet 2 inches'. The translator might have pointed out that 18th-century French scales are not the same as modern English ones. Re-calculating from Mousnier's metric equivalent (1.66 m) gives a slightly less alarming 5 feet 5 inches.

Nicholas Shrimpton

Conjugal Rites

How Far Can You Go? by DAVID LODGE *Secker* £5.95

David Lodge is a gifted clown who suffers from an irrepressible urge to play Hamlet. On his occasion he puts aside the motley in order o assume the still more unlikely role of ather Hamlet, S.J. *How Far Can You Go?* is social and doctrinal history of middle-class oman Catholicism in England from 1952 to 979, presented as a cisatlantic version of Upike's *Couples*. From doubts about propriety the College Cath. Soc. Hop, to scruples bout group sex in a Swinging Seventies una, Lodge's characters chronicle the anging life of the church in what is best mmed up as a series of conjugal rites.

The boisterous comedy which made *Changg Places* such a treat is not, of course, entirebandoned. Michael, suffering from colitis, avels a hundred and thirty miles on a hot day ith a specimen twenty times larger than it ed be. Father Austin Brierley, suffering om impure thoughts, is told by his ecesiastical superior to 'try ejaculations' ('My sus, mercy, Mary help!'). The same aracter, suffering later from life in a ciology department, gives a splendidly witty etch of fashionable intellectual nostrums om Kant to McLuhan, from which only ittgenstein's 'whereof we cannot speak, thereof we must remain silent' emerges with credit. Unfortunately not all the philosophical material is integrated so flawlessly. A lot of the jokes are in-jokes. To describe a woman's cleavage, for example, as 'that fascinating *vide,* that absence which signifies the presence of the two glands on either side of it more eloquently than they do themselves (or so the structuralist jargon fashionable in another decade would put it)' is only really funny if the reader knows that David Lodge is himself one of the most distinguished English contributors to contemporary critical theory.

Much of the intellectual material is, in fact, not integrated at all. Lodge's problem here was, obviously, the prospect of a non-catholic audience. Readers who share the novelist's faith, age and background will probably devour this book with an engrossed, or possibly enraged, sense of self-recognition. The rest of us need to be helped. But I am far from convinced that such help is best provided in the form of six-page summaries of papal encyclicals, introduced with the words 'Patience, the story will resume shortly' and tacked back on to the narrative with the brisk cliché 'enough of this philosophizing'. David Lodge, cunning craftsman as he is, prepares us for these theoretical inserts by establishing a highly intrusive narrative personality from the very first page. But inserts they remain.

How Far Can You Go? is at its best at those moments when an intimate link is established between theological debate and personal life. The real hero of the novel is the pill, and Lodge's picture of these couples struggling to come to terms with it hovers delicately between tragedy and farce. One extremely sombre note is stuck by the reiterated assertion that the Rhythm Method actively promotes the birth of deformed or mongoloid children. At the other extreme there is the marvellous picture of a belatedly liberated Adrian striding into a chemist's shop and demanding, with vague memories of his National Service days, 'a gross of sheaths prophylactic'. The consequences of *Humanae Vitae* for English Catholics, as David Lodge sees them, are less atheism than a rejection of authority. His characters find themselves making their own moral decisions and becoming accustomed to the consequent psychological adjustments.

Despite its epigraph from Hans Küng, in other words, this is not really a religious novel, certainly not the religious novel as, say, Piers Paul Reid writes it. The reflections on fundamental questions of faith are brief and occasional. The essential purpose is to write a social novel about a sub-group which happens to be defined by its creed. What makes the group interesting, of course, is that its members feel with peculiar intensity the great change in English manners and morals which has taken place in the last twenty five years. Dennis and Angela, Adrian, Michael and Violet suffer the agonies of traditional Catholic attitudes to adolescence and parenthood, only to discover after the Second Vatican Council that the suffering hadn't been necessary in the first place. The pity is that this humane and humorous theme is weighed down with so much incidental lumber. When David Lodge submits social detail to direct comic scrutiny, as in his vision of the reverse-action contraceptive machine in the Catholic Teachers Training College he has few rivals. But *How Far Can You Go?* could do with a lot more writing like that.

'. . . some persons and reputations could well be stirred to boiling point.'
Hugh Fraser, Spectator

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The Freudians Slip

PIERRE JORIS discusses Lacan's dissolution of his school

On 9 January, the French newspaper *Le Monde* published a letter that Dr Jacques Lacan, eminent psychoanalyst and founder of the 'Ecole Freudienne de Paris', had sent to all the members of the school. 'I speak without the least hope — of making myself heard, notably', the letter began. In Lacan's inimitable style — a mixture of rococo preciosity of syntax, willed obscurity and polysemic linguistic puns — the letter went on to inform his students and the world that there 'was a problem of the school' and that he, Lacan, had found the solution, namely, 'the dis-solution' of the EFP and of the association that gave it legal status. He also asked those 'who want to carry on with Lacan' to send him a written application, and announced that he would publish 'the first joinings' within 10 days. The letter ended by saying that an extraordinary general meeting would be held 'in good time and in compliance with the law' to proceed with the liquidation of the society's assets.

The sheer quantity of comments and the heat of the debate that followed in the wake of this letter proved its shock value. Over the last few years Lacan himself had grown more and more silent and distant, leaving the day-to-day running of the school and of its publishing ventures to the care of his lieutenants. A rumour circulated about Paris that he was gravely ill or even dying. For the last two years he had not held his seminars, which, since 1953, had been his major public platform. (During the Sixties and early Seventies these seminars were a focal point of Parisian intellectual life, where one could meet, besides budding and established psychoanalysts, people as varied and distinguished as Michel Foucault, Clara Malraux, Gilles Deleuze, Félix Guattari, Philippe Sollers, Jean-Pierre Faye, Louis Althusser, Claude Lévi-Strauss, etc.)

Because the EFP was run rather like a masonic lodge, it is nearly impossible to disentangle the web of internal conflicts that precipitated first Lacan's silence and then his radical response. It is clear, however, that the main factor was dissension in the ranks, centring on the degree of allegiance due to the master. An important minority of the EFP felt that Lacan proceeded undemocratically when it came to the election of the various decision-making committees. They further accused him and the 'mafia' surrounding him of silencing dissenting — but according to them, valid — view-points inside Lacanian psychoanalytical theory itself, by keeping their exponents from holding seminars under the aegis of the EFP. These, and similar charges of authoritarian rule, are certainly well-founded. It came as no surprise then that the responses to the letter fell into two main categories.

There were the unconditional supporters of Lacan's decision, such as Jacques-Alain Miller, director and organiser of the seminars. They argued that the EFP existed only in order to provide a platform for Lacan's teachings, and that he who had founded it in the first place had thus ipso facto the right to dissolve it if it no longer answered the needs that brought it into existence. The opposition, as exemplified by another member of the EFP, François Roustang, argued that a constituted association could not be dissolved by one of its members, be he its founder. (Under French law it takes a two-thirds majority vote to dissolve a legally constituted society.) The solution of the problem caused by the dissolution of the EFP will thus eventually be found in a court of law.

The dissolution of the EFP is a good thing, as the school had certainly outlived usefulness: from being a place of intellectu ferment, it had changed into a hermetic a hierarchical church, bent on proving Lacai work to be the infallible revealed truth a censoring any attempt at criticising t master's theory. Lacan himself has of cou much to answer for this state of affai which, unhappily makes any balanced a praisal of his work all the more difficult. It relatively easy to criticise Lacan on ideologi grounds. Unlike Laing and Cooper, for exa ple, he has never freed himself from t classically Freudian and paternalistic attitu toward the 'talking cure'. Although he has troduced minor variations into the *tient/doctor encounter* — such as relativis the time span of any given session — he h changed nothing essential in this relation: psychoanalyst is still the 'subject-who-kno who (even if he remains silent) somehow lea the patient out of neurosis and into normali What this normality is, or should be, is ne questioned: nowhere in his writings is ther cogent critique of the socio-economic roots neurosis. Further, Lacan's theory of *Phallus* and its pivotal place in the format of the ego, leaves him wide open to accu tions of phallocentrism, as the following qu from his works will surely show:

> The fact that the penis is dominant in the shap of the body-image is evidence of [th autonomous Gestalt structures]. Though this shock the sworn champions of the autonomy female sexuality, such dominance is a fact one morever which cannot be put down to cult influences alone.

For a well-reasoned critique of this asp of Lacan's work I refer the reader to Anth Wilden's indispensable *System and Struct* (Tavistock 1972).

There are on the other hand, as far as I make out, two major positive aspects Lacan's work. First, if the work of Freu still relevant today in the field psychoanalysis and in the wider field of human sciences, this is due in the main Lacan's efforts. Ever since 1953, when he excluded from the Internatio Psychoanalytical Society (founded by Fr himself), he has devoted most of his ener to a reading of Freud's texts. What reading shows us, beyond its re-evaluatio the work of one man, is that every scien discourse is based on a set of culture-ideology-bound *metaphors*, and has there to be read as metaphor, and not as an 'ob tive' transparent language that would stan a one-to-one relationship with an immuta absolute reality. What remains of abiding terest in Lacan's work is his theory of the tl orders underlying the relationships of hur beings, namely, the Symbolic, the Imagi and the Real. Although too complex tc discussed usefully in this short space, this of Lacan's work certainly has helped us better understanding of the complex underlying the laws of societal interrelati It also represents a much needed critiqu the English empirical and biologising trad in psychology, and of the various fo scientifically and ideologically dominan the US, of behaviourism and its ava Given the recent hegemony, here and ac the ocean, of 'human engineering' sociobiology, with its behavio epistemology, a wider awareness of Lac insights would certainly provide a major rective to those tendencies.

David Lodge

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Hermione Lee

Bending the Bars

A Soldier's Embrace by NADINE GORDIMER *Cape* £4.95

This is Nadine Gordimer's sixth collection of stories, and, once again, they burn through the political situation of South Africa in painful personal terms. Her dominance over the subject has been so magisterially established that she almost seems to have pre-empted any further achievement: can another volume be necessary? The answer to this has already been made in her introduction to the *Selected Stories* of 1975. When she came to arrange the stories she found that she was also describing a historical process:

> The change in social attitudes unconsciously reflected in the stories represents both that of the people in my society — that is to say, history — and my apprehension of it; in the writing, I am acting upon my society, and in the manner of my apprehension, all the time history is acting upon me.

That interaction must continue until the writer's death, as must her own 'constantly changing efforts to teach myself how to make out of words a total form for whatever content I seize upon'. She traces in her stories a shift in subject-matter from earlier paternalism to the multiracial dreams of the Fifties and on to the disillusioned legacy of white (and black) liberalism in the Seventies. (That shift is indicated by the change of terminology in the stories: ' "native" becomes first "African" then "Black" '). *A Soldier's Embrace* extends the historical process, with characteristic fierce irony. The title story, which opens the volume, begins euphorically with the victory of the black resistance forces, but ends with the flight of the 'good' white liberals from the new regime. The last story describes the humiliating and casual destruction of a tribal village in the guerilla war. In between are stories of racial and sexual hypocrisy, of self-protective white middle-class families, and of hedonistic, parasitical social groups 'cross-pollinated in the sports and games and parties in colonies and islands to which none was native'. As a whole the volume sets fixed, negative social patterns against the threat imaged by the lion's roar, 'the rut of freedom bending the bars of the cage'.

The stories' ironic tension between tragic circumstances and inadequate protagonists is paralleled by their marriage of detachment and intensity. Gordimer has commented on this as being a valuable dialectic, arising from the writer's necessary alienation:

> Excessive identification with the lives of others, and at the same time a monstrous detachment . . . The tension between standing apart and being fully involved; that is what makes a writer.'

Many of these stories portray a 'monstrous detachment' where grief and passion might be called for. In one of the saddest and dryest, 'Time Did', a middle-aged woman in bed with her lover is told that he has two other girlfriends; while they still lie embraced, he quietly and clinically cancels out their past. An Austrian geologist in Johannesburg who's having an affair with a black shopgirl which leads, with dreadful inevitability, to a humiliating trial, carefully explains to her the inferior quality of her work, compared with his. Not to conduct life with this kind of coldness is to be in danger. The white liberal lawyer's wife who, on the day of the cease-fire, kisses a black soldier and a white soldier in the street, comes to doubt the meaning of the act and the truth of the emotion behind it. When she leaves the country, she has no gesture to make, nothing to say: 'The right words would not come again; whatever they were, she left them behind.'

That loss of words is, in part, what the volume deals with. There are some ornately written atmospheric pieces ('A Lion on the Freeway', 'For Dear LIfe'), which are as fluent and expressive as the earlier work, and there are some bitingly clear passages of satire:

> The farm children play together when they are small; but once the white children go away to school they soon don't play together any more, even in the holidays . . . childish vocabulary, the child's exploration of the adventurous possibilities of dam, koppies, mealie lands and veld — there comes a time when the white children have surpassed these with the vocabulary of boarding-school. By the time early adolescence is reached, the black children are making, along with the bodily changes common to all, an easy transition to adult forms of address, beginning to call their old playmates *missus* and *baasie* — little master.

But much of the language is reduced, flat: the two tragic stories about mixed love-affairs end with newspaper cuttings ('I won't let my daughter work as a servant for a white man again') as though any more eloquent comment were an impossibility. The failure of words — in the narrator as in her characters — is matched by failures of trust and courage. These are most bitterly exposed in the white middle-class families' inability to deal with their misfits: a promiscuous delinquent niece in 'Siblings', a crazy alcoholic aunt in 'A Mad One'. Sometimes Gordimer's pulling of political metaphors out of domestic situations is too emphatic, as in 'The Termitary', which describes the sealing-up of a termite's nest under a dull provincial bourgeois home of the Thirties: 'We lived on, above the ruin'. But at their best the stories express, forcefully, dispassionately, and intimately, occasions of disappointment and betrayal, failures of truth, stillborn desires:

> A huge dismay ruptured slowly inside her quiet body. She was dropsical with it. Waters had broken, but not in parturition. She said a banner in her dark: *we don't know how to live, do we.* But not aloud.

Daniel Fuchs

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David Caute

Sartre 3: Force of Circumstances

PATRIOTISM IS NORMALLY associated with a strident assertion of national interests and the national destiny — 'my country right or wrong'. To the Right, it is an insidious defilement of the language to allow the term 'patriot' to those who subscribe to values more universal, rational and humane; who vote against the Suez adventure, blockade French trains carrying ammunition to Indo China, or publicise the torture of nationalist sympathisers in Algeria and Ireland. To 'play the communists' game' is surely subversion, not patriotism.

Sartre, no less than de Gaulle, harboured '*une certaine idée de la France*'. His own brand of patriotism, manifest in his rejection of American hegemony, emerged implicitly during his reply to Albert Camus in *Les Temps Modernes*. As Conor Cruise O'Brien put it:

> The position of Sartre and his circle was that Frenchmen who hated terror and oppression should turn their attention first to the area of responsibility of their own country. Oppression was detestable, whether of Kirghizes in the Soviet Union or of Malgaches in the French empire, but for a Frenchman the priority of protest should be: *le Malgache avant le Kirghize.*

If such priorities were abruptly thrown in doubt in 1956 by Soviet repression of the Hungarian revolution — 'I condemn entirely and without any reservation the Soviet aggression,' wrote Sartre — Algeria soon restored the balance. Sartre publicly associated himself with Francis Jeanson's clandestine activity on behalf of the FLN, and when in September 1960 Jeanson's network was brought to trial Sartre reaffirmed his support. His signature was among those of the 121 intellectuals who publicly praised their fellow countrymen who refused to fight in Algeria or actively supported the liberation movement. Several issues of *Les Temps Modernes* were seized by the police but Sartre's attempts to have himself arrested were evaded by a Gaullist Government in which André Malraux was Minister of Culture. If you leave 'Voltaire' at liberty you are free to clobber those less eminent. Even so, Sartre was the intended victim of more than one bomb attack perpetrated by OAS commandos less acquainted with intellectual etiquette.

The impact of Algeria on Sartre's thought was far-reaching: the historical role not only of the Communist Party but also of the industrial working class was put in question. Indeed the PCF's equivocal attitude towards the FLN was rooted in proletarian ambivalence. FLN counter-terror within metropolitan France exacerbated racist impulses among all classes. Influenced by his young friend Frantz Fanon, Sartre now identified the dispossessed peasantry of the Third World, *les damnés de la terre*, as the truly revolutionary force: they alone had nothing to lose. In his preface to Fanon's influential *The Wretched of the Earth* he wrote:

> The native cures himself of colonial neurosis by thrusting out the settler through force of arms. When his rage boils over he rediscovers his lost innocence . . . to shoot down a European is to kill two birds with one stone, to destroy an oppressor and the man he oppresses at the same time.

The structure of this analysis, with its obvious debt to existential psychology, was familiar: eight years earlier, in 1952, when awarding the same historical role to the French working class (*Les Communistes et la Paix*), Sartre had declared: *'les classes ne sont pas, on les fait.'* The collective, a class, is thus treated in the same light as the individual: 'Man is only what he makes of himself'.

The crucial point here is violence. Sartre had now arrived at a doctrine of violent existential therapy within quasi-Marxist class categories. Although they recognised that classes achieve consciousness through action, the concept of necessary historical violence advanced by Marx, Engels and Lenin was more instrumental rather than existential; in other words the proletariat used force to seize power, not to achieve psychic confirmation of its own existence. Not that Sartre and Fanon minimised the practical dimension; they regarded the peasant revolution not as a lyrical myth, an equation of violence with life and creativity (as Hannah Arendt alleged), but as the only effective means of overthrowing a status quo dependent on institutionalised violence — 'law and order'. Even so, Sartre's thought was obviously vulnerable not only to rage but also to a passion for pure logic unadulterated by hesitation, compromise or quaverings. Bakunin would surely have found him a kindred spirit.

The *Critique de la Raison Dialectique* appeared in 1960. In this massive volume Sartre offered a new theoretical framework, a retotalisation of his philosophy. Marxism emerges as *the* only possible system for comprehending collective behaviour, but existentialism, although relegated, retains its claim to explain the psychology of the individual and the vital influence of the family. The phenomenology of *Being and Nothingness* yields large terrain to the confrontation of 'praxis' and the 'practico-inert' — man's interaction, as modifier and modified, with the material world.

According to the young Sartre, man's inherent freedom is simultaneously his anguish: hence the famous 'hell is other people'. In Marxist terms this is atrocious heresy. Sartre now moved some way — but by no means the whole way — to bridge the gap by locating hostility between man and man in the tension between human needs and the scarcity of available resources. It is out of this tension that class struggle is born; the consequent alienation, he suggests, can be transcended only by praxis, by social action.

Here we return to the dispossessed peasantry of the Third World. Whatever one may argue about the 'relative impoverishment' of the working class under industrial capitalism, there was no escaping the fact that the most radical tension between needs and resources, hence the most radical social exploitation, had shifted from Europe and America to the Third World. Confronted by this threat, the Western working class quietly and guiltily makes common cause with the bourgeoisie: the instruments of cultural mystification — patriotism, racism, religion, technological pride — are all too readily available.

SARTRE ALSO WISHED to settle account not only with the Communist Party but with political parties in general. He proposes an historical sociology of series, collectives and groups, representing the degrees of awareness and common purpose with which men combine for common aims. Following to some extent Antonio Gramsci's exploration of the role of active minorities within revolutionary movements (for which neither Marx nor Lenin provided any satisfactory theoretical explanation), Sartre suggested that a social class, even in the heat of struggle, could never attain the cohesion, tight identity and dynamism of a group. Only the group (the Party) can rule – the dictatorship of the proletariat is therefore an impossibility, a contradiction in terms. However sincere the group's initial dedication to the interests of the class, it soon develops vested interests of its own which force it to serialise and render passive the class in whose name it rules. Born in a moment of fervent and high idealism, the group is inevitably defeated by its own victory.

Having thus explained the world to the world, Sartre set out for Castro's Cuba. Here in a blaze of sunlight, the heavy, labyrinthine formulations of the *Critique* sprang to life, *élan vital* and science achieved a passionate embrace. Tiny and ugly in his double-breasted suit, Sartre listened attentively to his hugely bearded host:

> I thought I recognised in Fidel an idea which was too important to me to speak about. Except with him. I said to him, 'All those who ask, no matter what they ask, have the right to obtain?' Fidel didn't answer. I insisted; 'That's your view?' He puffed on his cigar and said loudly: 'Yes. Because demands, in one manner or another, represent needs.'

But would the Fidelistas soon succumb to the iron law of degeneration, of defeat-through-victory, predicted in the *Critique* for all revolutionary 'groups'? Philosophy, perhaps, stops short of one's friends: 'What protects the Cuban revolution today,' Sartre wrote in 1961, 'what will protect it for a long time perhaps, is that it is controlled by the rebellion.' Camus did not live to read this.

The year 1967 brought Sartre, along with two other *enragés* of the older generation, Russell and Deutscher, into the 'International War Crimes Tribunal' which sat in judgment

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)n America's intervention in Vietnam. As in *Alice*, the sentence preceded the trial. But the eal and necessary purpose was exposure of the cale of America's holocaust. Sartre declared:

> I refuse to place in the same category the actions of an organisation of poor peasants, hunted, obliged to maintain an iron discipline in their ranks, and those of an immense army backed up by a highly industrialised country of 200 million inhabitants.

A year later revolution — a form of revolution — burst forth in Paris. The link with Vietnam vas immediately obvious to Sartre; even so, he vas taken by surprise. It was not in Sartre's ature to contain and chloroform surprises. Ever since the Resistance he had felt a huge umility towards those capable of physical ction and of overcoming cowardice. When he cast changed, Sartre did not hesitate to re-rite the script.

Sartre was a product of the Old Left: it was question, simply, of generation. Chosen mong the select few to attend the Ecole Nor-ıale Supérieure, son and grandson of middle-lass people, he had accepted his destiny un-uestioningly. The lectures of the *cours ıagistral* may have seemed idiotic, but only ecause the teachers had nothing to tell him. o become an *agrégé* was a source of pride hough his Communist friend Paul Nizan roke entirely with the system, escaping to den and later communism). Sartre had ac-epted the bottle, only the wine required ıange.

But now, in May 1968, the students chal-nged *everything*: politics began on the spot, *ır le champ*. The Old Left had always ssumed that age and 'experience' justifies uthority; that society feeds itself out of chnological rationality, embracing the im-gination only in its leisure hours; that 'per-ormance' must be 'judged', assessed, within ıe context of competition, that 'free speech' all the freedom you need. The New Left oured petrol and flowers over the whole ackage of assumptions. Sartre approached ohn-Bendit to get the message clear: in all umility he then interviewed young Danny.

If you reverse the social hierarchy, Sartre nded to be *plus royaliste que le roi*. Here, in larch 1969, Sartre, honorary student extraor-nary, declares:

> ...We have in common with you the revolutionary negation, the rejection of any kind of participation. Parents, learn that your sons become revolutionaries because your cowardice determines their fate. They have nothing to say any more to the defeated and decaying children who call themselves adults.

emerged sympathetic to Maoism — his ar, increasingly, was to be insufficiently dical — and drawing a distinction between *pays légal'*, with its con-trick elections, its liticians and communist trade union of-ials, on the one hand, and *'le pays réel'* — e aspirations of the masses sporadically ven-ated by strikes and violence — on the other. out the Communist Party he still felt the spair expressed 20 years earlier: collabora-n with it was 'both necessary and impossi-'.

In 1975 Sartre was asked whether he was ry that young intellectuals were no longer ading him. He replied: 'Too bad for me... tell the truth, for them too.'

James Campbell

The Cooked and the Raw

Out of the Way: Later Essays by COLIN MACINNES *Martin Brian & O'Keeffe* £9.50

City of Spades, Absolute Beginners and **Mr Love and Justice** by COLIN MACINNES *Allison & Busby* £6.50 & £2.50 each

Colin MacInnes was a writer with a triple-barrelled pen: he wrote weekly journalism, lengthy literary essays, and novels. These last, despite protestations to the contrary from the author himself among others, read like social documentaries guiltily pretending to be novels. MacInnes possessed, in abundance, the journalist's knack of attaching significance to small details, whether it be the dress of the young or the music they were listening to, and of noting the importance of larger issues, such as trends in modern painting or coloured immigration. But he lacked the novelist's gift of blessing his characters with inner, as well as exterior lives.

Out of the Way contains essays covering roughly the 15 years before his death in 1976. (The final, pitiful piece in the book, originally published alongside his obituary in *New Society,* proudly proclaims that he is in the act of beating cancer.) The essays are of two kinds: the longer, considered piece — usually written for *Encounter* — and the weekly journalism which he wrote for, among other journals, *New Society*. They are grouped under headings denoting theme, 'Art and Criticism', 'Race and Colonialism', 'Crime and the Law', 'Sex and Love', etc, and there are 45 pieces in all. Almost all of them are good but it has to be regretted that MacInnes did not spend more time writing essays like the longest and best piece in the book, 'Dark Angel: The Writings of James Baldwin'. In that essay and in those on Rimbaud, the War Artists, English Sterility in 1963, he applies himself to his subject with a seriousness, and a literary style, which is lacking in his shorter articles.

His piece on Rimbaud concentrates on the poet's disastrous love affair with Verlaine and stops short, with amusement, at the fact that he spent a year teaching in Glasgow. 'What on *earth* did the young Glaswegians of a century ago make of their French dominie?' I shudder to think. Knowing them, they probably made of him a total misery, as they do every other dominie, if indeed he was ever there. MacInnes was writing 15 years after Enid Starkie documented her doubt about the matter in her biography; has there been new evidence, or was MacInnes simply not checking the facts?

His essay on the War Artists, as with all his remarks on painting, is authoritative and full of insight. About their art and that of Britain's post-war depression, he writes:

> English artists, with certain notable exceptions, have often greatly depended on the inspiration of subject, rather than on that of the investigation of the forms by which their subject is to be conveyed; so that deprived of the terrible visions of 1914-18, many could find neither as intense a theme of their own imagining, nor the stimulus of those formal discoveries by which these personal themes might have been expressed.

This sort of perception is typical of MacInnes's longer essays, and yet when writing for the weeklies, usually on social themes, the insights are hardly fewer and the author's war on false belief unabated. About the British respect for their MPs and the new laws they create, he states: 'During their process of legal gestation, we see them [as fallible] and criticise them; as soon as their laws are enacted, we regard the end product with awe.' And of the administration of those laws: 'Judges send men to prison — even the death chamber — without ever visiting these places, let alone the social breeding-grounds of crime. When the criminal emerges from his sentence, no judge ever asks him to report personally on its consequences.'

What separates these pieces from the longer essays is that the style is weaker, with shorter sentences and less fully developed ideas, and the non sequiturs are more frequent. Also, MacInnes, when short of an idea, has a habit of giving advice, the danger in this practice being that if the advice is unsound or useless, the reader is likely to feel that his time is being wasted and his intelligence offended. With apparent seriousness MacInnes offers counsel on how to avoid being raped in time of war ('the

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danger period is about six hours after combat') and suggests that, in male company, 'jolly rape talk' is to be discouraged, as is rape in mixed. He also prided himself on being an expert on many subjects about which he manifestly was not: social groups to which he did not belong, for example; blacks, teenagers, the working-classes. His attraction to each of these was genuine but, perhaps as a consequence, his notions concerning them seem now far-fetched or, at best, well-intentioned but wrong. For example, teenagers of the Sixties were more moral than their forebears and did not drink; for the working-classes 'sexual conduct is not a "problem" at all; it is a matter of desire, convenience, risk, human relations.' This superior side of MacInnes is irritating, the more so since his superiority is frequently misplaced.

MacInnes has often been compared with Orwell. Like Orwell, his subject was a changing England, and during the period which the essays of this book cover England was changing rapidly. MacInnes was brilliant when commenting on the *style* of that change, but whether, like Orwell, he had the vision to penetrate the skin consistently and accurately in order to explain the workings, and the failures, of the heart and mind of society is something which must remain in question. Only rarely — as with Baldwin and the War Artists — does he go beyond the outer manifestations of his subject in order to discover and explain its source. His anecdotal pieces about going bail and being 'nicked' make some of the best reading in the book, but read Baldwin's own essay — which MacInnes calls one of his best — about being arrested on a false charge of reset and ending up in a French prison and see how one author moves the discussion outwards from the personal to the public and thence to the universal, while the other leaves us with 'I had a little chat after it was all over with the two officers who testified against me' — again on a false charge — 'and they were quite amiable about losing: nor have they made things specially awkward for me since.' Jolly decent of them. Yet in spite of all criticism, these essays prove MacInnes to have been a wise man and a good writer.

More so than do the three 'London novels'. *City of Spades, Absolute Beginners* and *Mr Love and Justice* were first published between 1957 and 1960 and were greeted with acclaim which their new dustjackets proudly display. Their intention, like that of the essays, is to document a changing social fabric and to advance certain ideas concerning the interaction of men and women of different race, class and age group within it. In *City of Spades,* Montgomery Pew, the newly pointed Welfare Officer of the Colo Department, is initially set in opposition Johnny Fortune, the vivacious new arr from Nigeria. Both Pew and Johnny are, their separate ways, innocents and each in own way gains experience in the course of novel: Pew by integrating with the blacks a Johnny by falling foul of the law; in his c — unlike that of his creator — it is ot than 'quite amiable'. *Absolute Beginners* in its anonymous hero a more fully reali character, the first 'teenager', than any in C *of Spades,* but it lacks the redeeming pace the earlier novel. The author attempts to co pensate for this by ending the book with a r riot, which is thoroughly unconvincing both terms of its description and its inevitability

The confrontation between Frankie Lo the ponce, and Edward Justice, policeman, in *Mr Love and Justice,* is equ unconvincing. MacInnes's attempts to m his characters spokesmen in a religi allegory in which each is 'betrayed into a that brings truth and understanding' miserably, as he admitted, and we are left w a shallow 'documentary' of a certain part London low life. The chief interest of th novels lies in what they tell us of certain titudes of the time. Changes have been m since then, and even since MacInnes's dea and we must hope for the arrival of a r 'conscience' before long.

Simon North

Hesiod Meets Hawk: 1980

The dawn begins as a pale inference
The colour of pewter. There are no
Welcoming arms. Stirring to
such indifference
The birdsong is strange and timid
It reminds me of ghosts.

How walking amongst the outgrown
brickwork saddens me!
The vacant windows gape like empty
eye sockets
The drum of the bulldozers deafen.
Frost-stiffened snails
Have left silvery trails over the pavements
. . . Changes
Are slow, but the city grows endlessly -
like coral,
Its awakening passes over it like a deep
sea shudder
The mouths of its many moving parts open
and close
begin to feed the ceaseless machinery—And I
recall
When man feuded for fire with
peevish gods!

Yesterday I watched an anomalous hawk
Hover over the derelict houses . . . Its
uncurbed dominion
Its breathless fall severed my two natures
Aroused me with the sharp stab of grief
To old emotions. Its presence belongs
To the rout of childhood, and hillside walks—
An unfeigned idolatry of life,
A spirit not parodied by science!

O huntress, I am accused of
Too many betrayals; the throb
Of the wound probes a remorse
For all we have wasted, a configuration
Of pallid years looms like a threat.
In my heart the rose of faith
Has splintered.

Stanley Trapido

The Wretched of the Earth

The Rise and Fall of the South African Peasantry by COLIN BUNDY *Heinemann Educational* £9 & £3.90

Recently an alternative critical history of South Africa has begun to take shape. Some of this work is still immature, impatient to overturn liberal paradigms, and transient. Nevertheless, a school of historians has begun to emerge, many of them from among the students of Shula Marks; its best work is exemplified in the texturally vivid, structurally based social history of Charles Van Onselen. Colin Bundy's *The Rise and Fall of the South African Peasantry* is a major contribution to the new history. This cogently argued work of scholarship not only begins the important task of restoring a history to those who have had it taken away from them, it also contributes to an understanding of their present condition.

That there was a time when African farmers were more effective than whites as producers of crops and pastoral products would seem to be an impossible contention to most white South Africans. It is self-evident, they would argue, that there have always been two agricultures in South Africa and, like entrances to the railway station, one is white, the other black. White agriculture has been in a constant process of modernising itself, while black agriculture has always been 'traditional'. (In 'traditional' society custom rules and it has been the custom, it appears, to use poor land, prepare it improperly, grow insufficient crops to feed all members of household and then, because of a taste bright lights, go off to the 'modern sect Bundy's study shows that if b agriculturalists in South Africa cannot g enough to subsist, this is their modern co tion. Their history is significantly diffe The best of the South African social scient William McMillan, H.M. Robertson Monica Wilson, recognised this a long ago. Bundy's work now provides a systen study of the processes which created and destroyed a modern peasantry in S Africa.

European mercantile expansion bro this peasantry into being. To begin with t was the exchange of manufactured good cattle, ivory and skins. British colonial beginning in the 19th century, led to a r complex set of relationships. Administra seeking political dependents and source revenue, traders wanting profits and a v range of exchanges, missionaries conf that involvement in the colonial market w provide the proper environment for spiritual tasks, all set about achieving a m piece of social engineering. They would in tribesman, pagan, and subsistence farm become British subject, Christian convert Manchester's customer.

No doubt this grand scheme would failed ludicrously had it not been for cataclysmic upheaval created in the first of the 19th century by the rise of the kingdom. This left large numbers of ref

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seeking new protectors, available for new ideologies, and with little alternative but to enter into new economic relationships. If these ensured survival they might, thereafter, provide opportunity. Not for nothing were the Mfengu of the Cape to become known as the 'Jews of Kafraria'. Working as labourers and tenants they re-acquired stock, implements and access to land. But with a difference. The cattle keeper turned to sheep to make a profit, replaced the hoe with a plough and grew crops which sold in far away tons. Very soon Witney blankets, made of Cape wool, returned to the new consumers of the Colony.

This process, taking place without any other force operating, may have seen a much less significant social group emerge were it not for the coincident discovery of the Kimberley diamond fields. Suddenly the sub-continent was alive with new activity. The diamond fields attracted not only European adventurers set on making fortunes, but also African peasants with more modest objectives. New markets called for both commodities which they had to sell, labour and crops. It should be noted, however, that if the diamond fields extended the size and prosperity of the peasantry — and their numbers extended far beyond the original refugees — the cheap food which they produced probably contributed to the scale of the search for diamonds.

Prosperity for some resulted in brick houses, tended orchards, irrigation works and dams, new crops of wheat, barley and potatoes. At the same time merchant houses in the colonial ports and market towns constructed a Whig-like paternalism which came to be known as Cape liberalism. By 1887 when the goldfields of the Witwatersrand were opened up the largest group of food producers available to the mines were the African share croppers of the surrounding Transvaal. The mine owners of the Witwatersrand were even more concerned about cheap food than those who worked the Kimberley fields but they were obsessed also by the need to find labour. Continued peasant access to land however meant that one potential labour supply might be denied to them. If mine owners with their money wages found African cultivators rejecting their offer of work, then settler farmers, with their hacienda-liked farms, were even less likely to find free labour. Inevitably settlers, who had political office as well as the use of local violence, sought to further their own economic well-being by forcing African peasants to work on their farms. Laws, long passed, began to be enforced to limit African access to land and to prohibit rent and share cropping tenancies. It was not, however, the settlers who mustered the capacity to enforce the law but a new state whose primary objective was the well-being of the mining industry.

Liberalism accepted segregation as a means of cushioning industrialisation and the decline of the peasantry set in very rapidly. In addition, as the peasantry were reduced in circumstances, they found themselves needing to feed a larger population as their numbers grew.

As the peasant's well-being was destroyed, so sections of settler agriculture were entrenched. Yet settler agriculture had its disadvantages. It was unreliable, its productivity was low, it bottled up labour and its social needs required an expensive infrastructure. Moreover its South African supremacy was being established at the very moment when the international production of cereals was leading to the sub-division of land into family farms because only simple commodity producers could survive the constantly declining prices fetched on the world markets. This would seem to be an unpropitious moment to legislate autonomous peasants out of existence. In the circumstances we might ask why the food supplies for this new industrial revolution were not purchased in the cheapest market? Settler power would have made this difficult but not impossible yet it was never on the agenda. The economic order required by mining capital and made possible by the defeat of the Boer republics needed both a new state and the social base from which to sustain that state. With a weakened settler society the conditions for reproducing a capitalist economy would have been significantly less attainable.

With local variations the pattern repeated itself in Southern and Northern Rhodesia and in Kenya. In spite of the cost of land banks, restrictive marketing boards and expensive social infrastructures, settlers were seen as the only possible social basis for the colonial state. Settlers may have been 'prefabricated collaborators' in Ronald Robinson's phrase but their edifice had to be put into place by a colonial regime and at some cost. White farmers in Southern Rhodesia were notoriously inefficient at a time when the low cost and highly productive peasant families of that colony were having their economies undermined by legislation similar to that originally introduced in South Africa.

At this juncture we may look to the differences between South Africa and the departing colony of Southern Rhodesia. Whatever the nature of the South African state may have been in the past, it has long ceased to depend upon agrarian society to provide its social basis. Its reform or transformation must surely, therefore, be different?

Fleur Adcock

Bethan and Bethany

Bethan and Bethany sleep in real linen —
avert your covetous eyes, you starers;
their counterpanes are of hand-made lace:
this is a civilized country.

If it is all just one big suburb
gliding behind its freezing mist
it is a decorated one;
it is of brick, and it is tidy.

Above the courthouse portico
Justice holds her scales in balance.
The 17th-century church is locked
but the plaque outside has been re-gilded.

Bethan and Bethany, twelve and eleven,
bared their eyes to the television
rose-red-neon-lit, and whispered
in their related languages.

Guess now, through the frilled net curtains,
which belongs here and which doesn't.
Each of them owns the same records;
this is an international culture.

The yobs in the street hoot like all yobs,
hawk and whistle and use no language.
Bethan and Bethany stir in their sleep.
The brindled cat walks on their stomachs.

Piano Concerto in E Flat Major

In her 1930s bob or even, perhaps,
if she saw something quainter as her fashion,
long thick hair in a plait, the music student
showed her composition to her tutor;
and she aroused, or this enhanced, his
passion.

He quoted from it in his new concerto,
offering back to her as homage
those several bars of hers the pianist plays
in the second movement: part of what she
dreamed
re-translated, marked more with his image.

But the seven steady notes of the main theme
are his alone. Did the romance go well?
Whether he married her's recorded somewhere
in books. The wistful strings, the determined
percussion, the English cadences, don't tell.

Among this week's contributors:

C. S. L. DAVIES is a Fellow and Tutor in Modern History at Wadham College, Oxford, and author of *Peace, Print and Protestantism 1450-1558.*

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

The Arts Worldwide

NIGEL LEWIS reports on cultural politics in West Berlin

IT WAS FOLLOWING a Four Power Agreement of the early Seventies that culture first began to assume the overwhelming importance it now possesses in the life of West Berlin. The former capital, an island of west in a landsea of east, *has* to be special, and to be seen to be so. Two years ago, the Federal Government increased the city's cultural budget to 350 million marks — more than £70 million. The figure is further swollen by the cultural budgets of the various city districts, and by outside grants from special federal bodies such as the International Building Exhibition, or IBA, which exists to plan new building projects far in advance and to finance them.

All this has meant a rapid blossoming of an artistic life which has long been active anyway. But now, subsidised within a showcase of Social Democracy, the blooms flourish as though in a greenhouse. Last year, for example, West Berlin became the first city inside the rigid German subsidy system to make special provision for fringe groups, along the lines of our own Arts Council. There is even a foreign budget of some DM 4 million annually to present West Berlin's culture abroad. Later this year it will be spent on a big Berlin presence at the bicentennial celebrations of its twin city, Los Angeles.

It is along the Wall, where the property prices are lowest, that the showcase is at its shabbiest. These are the areas inhabited by the Turks, 100,000 of them, or about half as many as the Jews who lived in Berlin before the war. Most live in the Kreuzberg district, and official worries about the tensions within what is in effect a ghetto have recently been highlighted by the internecine killing there of a Turkish left-wing teacher. Significantly, it is to culture that the authorities are looking as a means whereby to make contact with the Turks and to defuse their explosive potential. Already half a million marks have been set aside for Turkish cultural projects, a figure that will rapidly multiply if successful contact is established. One idea being floated is that the pre-war Italian embassy, in nearby Tiergarten, should be renovated and turned into a Turkish cultural centre. The building, designed by Friedrich Hetzelt and completed in 1941, is pure fascist architecture, down to the stone *fasces* framing the doorways. It presents problems, not the least of which is that roughly 70 per cent of the Turks, according to recent surveys, are extreme right-wingers likely to find the *fasces* only too much to their taste in furnishings. So for the moment the building will stay as it has been since the war, boarded-up, most of it empty except for some furniture, books, and dusty busts of Dante, haunted by the echoes of clicking heels.

Areas like Kreuzberg and the old embassy quarter make one realise that for all West Berlin's dynamic modernity and emphasis on the present, the recent past is never far away. Berlin, like the proverbial bride, wears something old and something new, and this old-new quality is distinctive of it. Some of the past can be turned to the purposes of the present without much difficulty — for example, the huge concrete bunker which the Nazis built inside a gasometer in Kreuzberg. Since the airlift, the bunker has served as a massive larder, but that is now to be scrapped. IBA is backing a scheme to build a large open-air theatre on its roof, and to convert its rooms full of beans and bratwurst into rehearsal studios for the rock and jazz groups in which West Berlin abounds.

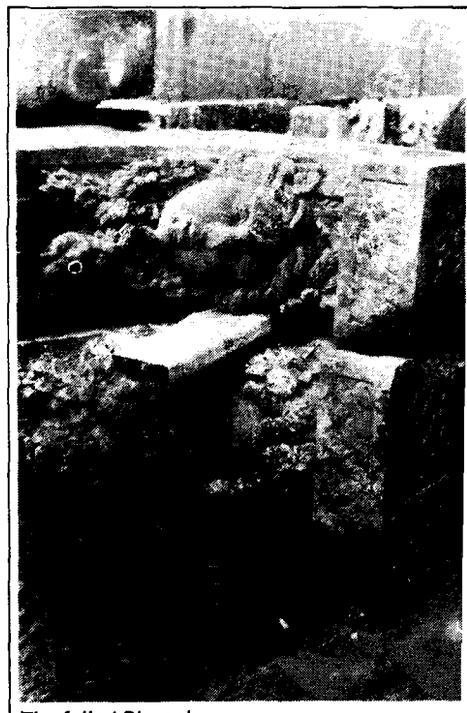
OTHER ASPECTS of the city's past are less easily assimilated, and Kreuzberg, again, is the place where two of those pasts — the Jewish and the Prussian — are currently being confronted.

A link between them is the Jewish banker Weit Ephraim, financier of the Seven Years War. When the war was over, Ephraim built for himself, in 1766, a sumptuous palace in what is now East Berlin. The rococo balcony rails were a gift from Frederick the Second, taken from a Saxon castle he had sacked. In 1935, the palace was pulled down, because its original owner had been a Jew and because the street needed widening. The numbered stones, the cherubs, and the iron rails were stored in Wedding, now in West Berlin. In 1975, the West Berlin Senate approved a plan to rebuild the palace as a Jewish Museum. An international competition was launched (it was won by a Swedish architect) and a Society of Friends of the Jewish Museum was formed; it began collecting exhibits all over the world.

The Berlin Museum in Kreuzberg is now holding a show of some of those exhibits. They have a sad air about them, not just because they are so few, and there are so few fine things among them, but because they are all still as homeless as the race which produced them has been. Behind the Berlin Museum the stones of the Ephraim Palace lie in heaps behind a fence; sooty cherubs peer disconsolately through the wire. Half a mile away, on more open space, the rococo railings are gathering rust.

Despite the support of the West Berlin Senate, Axel Springer, and the West German ambassador in Israel, the Jewish Museum has yet to get off the ground. Some West Berliners describe this failure as a scandal. If the Senate really wants the museum, they say, then why did it refuse to pass its modest annual buying budget of 50,000 marks? At worst, they say, there is an unspoken anti-Semitism at work; at best, the senators are embarrassedly dragging their heels.

The truth seems to lie in a mixture of practical problems, financial mismanagement or sheer bad luck, and an ambivalence that has surrounded the project from the start. Firstly, it was argued that the proper place for the palace was its original site; the proposed new one opposite the Berlin Museum smacked of



The failed Phoenix

London Bridge in the desert. But politic rivalry makes it impossible to hand over tl old stones, and the issue was complicated t rumours that the East Germans, who have t palace's plans, intended to rebuild it using ne ones. Then there was the case put by the i fluential Jewish architect Julius Posener, wl argued that 'the philo-Semitism from whi we are presently suffering is little differe from anti-semitism. Both generalize and dehumanize'.

Early this year the German lottery whi was backing the project pulled out of it. revised budget of DM30 million was t reason given although this does not expla why the lottery also withdrew the 20 million had allowed for. The IBA was then approac ed, but while it indicated an interest, it also e pressed a strong preference for new buildir over old. Unless there is a political initiat by West Berlin (and the Mayor, Dietri Stobbe, is due to make up his mind as this gc to press) it will be 1987 before the IBA g round to the project. By then, the stones v have weathered even further, and many coll tions of Jewish treasures will have be dispersed.

THE EPHRAIM PALACE is a kind of fai phoenix. The old Museum of Industrial Art Kreuzberg, by contrast, is being rebuilt stc by original stone in preparation for the hi Prussian exhibition which West Berlin will holding in the autumn of 1981. Built by M tin Gropius (father of the Bauhaus mo ment's founder) in 1881, the museum v destroyed by bombing during the war; nov century after its completion, it is rising again on the same site.

The exhibition is probably the biggest the most daring cultural venture that W Berlin has yet attempted, covering as it every aspect of Prussian culture and hist from 1600 to 1947. That last date suggests daring and the potential for controve because since its dissolution that year by in national legal decree Prussia has form ceased to exist both in name and as a conc But the dissolution has not abolished Pru

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the unifier of Germany, as a state of mind, and an exhibition devoted to it is only too likely to be interpreted as a glorification. *Militarismus, Absolutismus, Kapitalismus!* Already the East Germans have refused to co-operate in the exhibition, and already the organisers can hear the rhetoric with which they will condemn it. Delicate soundings are now under way to discover whether other Warsaw Pact countries — such as Poland, which has important portraits needed for the exhibition — will follow the East German lead.

The West Berlin authorities, to underline their impartiality, have chosen an international committee of scholars to organise and to monitor the exhibition. They remain sensitive to the charge that it is not just the Prussian museum but the old Prussian ethic itself, that is rising now like a phoenix in West Berlin — so sensitive that they have gone into a lengthy explanation of why they are calling King Frederick 'the Great' rather than just 'the Second'. But this is one controversy that they are not just ready for: they are hoping for it, to spark off a national debate about Prussia and its precise relationship to National Socialism. If they can succeed in rolling these neglected stones from Germany's past into their proper place in the present, they consider, then all the money and all the trouble will have been worth it.

Opera

Peter Conrad

Creaks

Fidelio *Coliseum*
Fidelio *Decca* £16.50
Leonora *Decca* £15.75

The vigour of the booing at the end shouldn't lead anyone to conclude that the ENO's new *Fidelio* is controversial. That would be to flatter it: the plainer truth is that it's incompetent. The political glosses imported from East Berlin by Joachim Herz are tame (even if risible): during a scene-change Rocco scrambles up a ladder on the wall of the auditorium to announce that not all the prisoners will automatically be freed; a scrim on which Beethoven's signature is scrawled drops over the final chorus, an alienatory warning that only for the composer did the struggle end there. Both bits of editorialising by Herz are excrescent. One happens in the auditorium, the other on a curtain. With what happens on stage he seems to have been less engaged.

The set, as a result, makes no sense. On the metallic roof of the fortress, with chicken-wire hatches to coop up the prisoners, is improbably situated a rustic bower, supplied with a love-seat for Marzelline to preen on and a trellis of plastic vines for Jaquino to peep through. The roof is Germanic, oppressive, symbolic, the bower is bucolic, idyllic, English. The production like the set vacillates between these opposite identities, and in its shiftiness squanders all sense of reality. Pizarro sports the obligatory leathers of the gauleiter, but he mugs and chuckles like a heavy in Victorian panto, and Rocco, in the idiom of a fawning Irish butler, refers to him as 'Milord himself'. Jaquino shoos the prisoners out on to the ramparts like a tetchy English shepherd dealing with a recalcitrant flock, yet when his charges appear they're the emaciated inmates of a German concentration camp. Apart from its failure to suggest a coherent place, the design is noisily impractical. The canopies of chicken wire creak and clatter, shuddering to the thump of jackboots and rattling to the jolt of rifle-butts.

The pity of this sorry mess is that, vocally, the performance is a distinguished one. Alberto Remedios, Neil Howlett and John Tomlinson cope powerfully with Florestan, Pizarro and Fernando: Josephine Barstow is an intelligent if un-spontaneous Leonore. Mark Elder declares that his collaboration with Herz has taught him 'the enormous rewards that come to a musician who involves himself in every aspect of the drama'. Perhaps this is why his conducting was so portentously slow and so pretentiously solemn.

Solti's *Fidelio* is the first digital recording of an opera. In the past, technological innovation has pandered to Solti's overwrought style. But the subtleties of the new digital technique have encouraged him to relax. Crass highlighting is unnecessary: he can meditatively slow and muffle the quartet, yet the wizardry of the engineers allows us to hear each of the intersecting soliloquies. His *Fidelio* is moving because under-stated. Pizarro's march is snakily insinuating, not a goose-step; the male chorus quietly confirms Florestan's final hymn to Leonore rather than brazenly exulting. This mood of reticence is respected by the Leonore of Hildegard Behrens. She understands that the character must, as she says, advance beyond 'a purely personal fate' to the embodiment of a principle, and her performance registers — above all in her heart-breaking delivery of the spoken dialogue — the strain of this transformation. In her assertion, which inaugurates the trio, that she has the strength to accompany Rocco we hear her desperate courage yet also her fear. Her lyrical voice turns to steel in 'Abscheulicher!', but the subsequent recitative lapses into weary longing.

The *Leonora* of Paër, which Beethoven might have known, sets an Italian translation of the same libretto. Although the conductor Peter Maag claims some independent value for the work, it's interesting mainly as a measure of how far Beethoven overcame his conventional materials. *Leonora* is a comedy about the caprices of sexual appetite. The first act ends with a jealous erotic debacle instead of Beethoven's edgy political confrontation, and after the rescue in the dungeon the marauding soubrette Marcellina flounces in and bargains for a kiss before she'll consent to help Florestano.

The work helps explain why Beethoven admired *Il Barbiere di Siviglia,* a comic *Fidelio* in which the heroine harangues and wheedles her way to freedom. Instead of Beethoven's aspiring idealist, striving (as Behrens says) to outgrow her personal concerns, Paër's heroine sounds like a coloratura soprano stamping her pretty little foot in virtuoso tantrums. Except for Siegfried Jerusalem's bleating Florestano, *Leonora* is gamely performed. Ursula Koszut has the manic agility needed for Leonora, and Gorgio Tadeo is a ripe Rocco. The nimble tenor of Norbert Orth makes Pizarro's plan to murder Florestano sound like the jovial stratagem of a schemer in Italian comic opera.

Films

John Coleman

Punk Junk

The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle (X) *London Pavilion; Scene; Classic, Oxford Street*
Saturn 3 (A) *Classic, Haymarket*

For my money — or, rather, for yours, should you be so inclined — *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle* smacks of those tabloid Vice Probes which contrive to be sanctimonious and salacious in one fell scoop. Its writer/director is Julien Temple, who went to Cambridge University 'for the same reasons as one applies for an American Express Card' (a jocular quote drawn from the inadequate credits supplied at the press show), thereby depriving some poor sod who might have wanted to further his education of a place. A subsequent stint at the National Film School resulted in this graduation piece, a sort of humourless *Hellzapoppin* with a safety-pin through its cheek. In phantasmagoric form, it toys with the rise and fall of the Sex Pistols, a quartet of talent-free punk rock performers who became famous by being infamous. Their 'creator', Malcolm McLaren, pops up throughout this mishmash of filmed stage appearances, newsreel clips, scraps of on-camera interviews with record promoters, and a variety of set-up occasions involving a rouged midget, the real Ronald Biggs in Brazil and a false Martin Bormann. McLaren is there — unashamedly — to explain how the cloacal group was manufactured, mainly through the planned arousal of hostility and its inevitable concomitant, a 'good' press. Among the guiding principles enunciated are, 'Forget about music and concentrate on creating generation gaps', 'Terrorise, flatten (flatter?) and insult your own generation', 'Cash from Chaos', and so on. But only the supremely naive will be taken in by this jazzed-up candour, even though it is surely close to the truth.

After all, for all my inability to distinguish Johnny Rotten from Sid Vicious from, say, Bert Horrid, here I go, adding my quota to the millions of words poured out on those Pistols (the kind where you pull a trigger and a flag saying FUCK emerges). And Temple's gallimaufry — which also includes some stretches of animation — is far more likely to pull in an audience that delights in swastika'd T-shirts, a poster enjoining, 'God Save Myra Hindley', all the bad-taste items of iconolatry, *as well as* a lot of the screeching concert material, than the sane young American briefly seen voicing doubts or the prophetic older fellow who tells the camera, 'I think most of these groups would be improved by sudden death'. To do the director full justice, one should perhaps add that there is *one* scattily funny moment near the close, when a cinema attendant woozily burbles 'Who Killed Bambi?'; and two short scenes — the first, in quick cuts, showing the transformation of a sweet-looking girl into a punk cipher, the second holding on the stunned, affronted face of a Paris tart after Vicious has slapped a strawberry flan into it — that are powerful enough to suggest he could have made a very

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different, and harsher, film if he had wanted. These images of done-to women carry a painful, brilliant shock.

Once upon a merry time, Stanley Donen made such marvellous musicals as *On the Town* and *Singin' in the Rain* (in collaboration with Gene Kelly), *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers* and *Funny Face,* and a couple of genial, lightweight thrillers, *Arabesque* and *Charade.* So what induced him to enlist his pleasant talents in the space race to the box office? *Saturn 3* borrows a little from all over — notably *Alien* and, ecology-wise, from *Silent Running* — and comes up with nothing except Kirk Douglas's finely preserved and frequently flashed torso, rather less of Farrah Fawcett's as his lab companion and bedmate, an ill-assembled robot called Hector (whose eyes were not the only ones to be on stalks long before the end) and Harvey Keitel as a baleful intruder from hungry Earth. Keitel to Fawcett: 'You have a great body. May I use it?' Hector has similar designs, though no visible organ with which to achieve them, alas. Martin Amis is credited with writing the script. One inclines to suspect script-dickering on the studio floor.

Art

John Spurling

Sons of Faust

Pier and Ocean *Hayward*
David Smith *Serpentine* and *Knoedler*

It's easy to laugh at the work of the latest International Brigade at the Hayward. It's tempting to dismiss these 55 aging and elderly artists as people so desperate for attention that they will bore themselves rigid painting plain grey canvases, stretching pieces of red string across corners of a gallery or photographing the same window 80 times from dawn till dusk. Couldn't one do it oneself? Take the average age of the 54 other artists, for instance, and deduce that On Kawara's age, which is not given in the catalogue, ought to be 46? And what a pleasing sense of effortless symmetry to realise that one's system has turned up the actual age of Gerhard von Graevenitz, the organiser of the exhibition!

All the same, Kawara might be 81 (like the oldest artist in the show) or 32 (like the youngest), without substantially affecting the average. Almost certainly he/she is still alive (since only three of the exhibitors are dead), though his/her exhibit, consisting of a series of telegrams sent over a period of two years to various addresses with the repetitious message 'I am still alive', proves nothing, if you think about it. He/she might be a pseudonym, might have died leaving posthumous instructions to a friend or heir, might even have disappeared, like another artist in the show, Bas Jan Ader (the catalogue says he disappeared in 1976), who specialised in demonstrations of personal gravity, falling, together with a chair and bicycle, off a roof or into a canal and filming himself doing so. Suppose On Kawara *were* Bas Jan Ader: the telegrams would take on new meaning. There is, after all, the further mystery of Kawara's nationality. The press handout specifies only American and European artists. 20 of the 55 are American, 9 British, 7 German, 6 Dutch, 4 Italian, 3 French, 2 Polish, 1 Belgian, 1 Swiss and 1 Scandinavian. Kawara, then, seems most likely to be American, until one considers that there are 34 Europeans, which tips the probability the other way. But if he/she is actually Japanese, we are really at sea.

All of which is only too reminiscent of the 16 stones Beckett's Molloy kept in his 4 pockets and tried to suck one by one without sucking the same stone twice. The passage is quoted at the front of the catalogue, perhaps as a reminder that to ridicule people who are intentionally playing the fool is itself ridiculous. But are they playing the fool? Certainly Richard Tuttle's tiny *Rope Piece* — hardly larger than a finger-ring and almost invisible when pinned to an expanse of white wall — and Giovanni Anselmo's 120 kilogram stone — tied high up on another wall as if about to drop on the unwary spectator — make one smile. But Walter de Maria's huge beds of metal spikes are less funny than threatening, while Donald Judd's stack of ten galvanised-iron slabs — a filing-cabinet for thin air — is simply neutral. As for Roman Opalka (a Pole living in France), is it conceivable that in order to make one quick joke for the passing visitor he should have spent the last 15 years of his life painting the numbers from 1 to 3008116 in white on a series of grey canvases which become 1% whiter each time and which he intends to continue towards infinity for the rest of his days?

If one's response to these artists tends to be distorted partly by one's own notions of what art ought to be and partly by the pretentious rubbish written about and sometimes by them, what they are actually doing is straightforward and serious enough. We are used to associating art with appearance, whether it is the appearance of something represented (a face, a landscape) or more recently the actual appearance of the material used (paint, steel, stone, etc.). These artists disdain appearance and try to reproduce or signify the basic constituents of our existence: space, gravity, chance, system, infinity. They use materials not for what they look like, but for their properties; they interpret space not as something observed but physically experienced; they see colours and proportions as complete mathematical series, not as discrete elements which can be adjusted to serve particular emotional ends. When Carl André talks about his flat metal plates — placed for you to walk on like a pavement — as not seeming flat to him but extending into infinite space, he is invoking the dry, scientific spirit of Empsonian ambiguity ('Law makes long spokes of the short stakes of men') rather than the romantic upward-striving of Brancusi's *Endless Column.*

Of course this kind of art — whose process is worked out in advance instead of arrived at in the making — is more dependent than most on the artist's original wheeze and therefore, especially for a lifetime's work, on his sustained powers of invention. Those like poor sheep-counting Opalka who try to cheat invention by pursuing the one course for ever, suffer, one would guess, their own hell on earth. But taken in the spirit in which they're offered, as mainly impermanent demonstrations rather than lasting artefacts — although both Will Insley and Charles Simonds achieve their demonstrations through elaborate an beautifully made miniature architecture – several of these works do enter areas of semi scientific, semi-metaphysical exploratio which are peculiar to our time and whic traditional painting and sculpture can't b their nature handle. One could wish for mor sparkle, less simple-mindedness, the odd flas of genius — come back, Leonardo — but in curious way the show as a whole (with it evocative title taken from Mondrian's earl abstracts) is more stimulating than any of it parts. The first person to build a pier over a ocean must have met with a lot of ribal criticism.

David Smith, who was killed in a car cras almost exactly 15 years ago, is generall recognised as the greatest American sculpto His drawings, of which thousands survive have tended to be brushed aside. But he bega as a draughtsman and anyone who expects th large selection at the Serpentine — there are few also at Knoedler's — to be interesting onl as adjuncts to the sculpture, is in for an ex hilarating surprise. Smith used ink (mixe with egg and put on with a brush) rather a Beethoven must have used the piano: nc simply to knock out a few ideas for a majc work, but as a means of expression in its ow right, more intimate, more flexible and mo passionate than the slower process of cor structing sculpture. Of course many of th drawings contain forms that he also used sculpture, but they are not, as sculptors' drav ings so often are, anaemic, two-dimension ideas of a three-dimensional form. Smith drawings are full of light and shade; they hav their own painterly form; the thinness c thickness of the ink, the subtle combinatio of colour and the sweep and swirl of th brush-strokes give them an independent, i stantaneous energy, quite different from th contained, elegant, brittle energy of th sculptures.

Smith's whole output of drawings, begin ing in the late Twenties, is represented here, a show brought from the Whitney Museum c American Art, and it is enhanced for th benefit of British viewers by 13 sculptures fro all periods, including the Tate's very la piece, *Cubi XIX,* sited where it should be, o of doors. Donald Judd — he of the filin cabinet at the Hayward — is rather dismissi of Smith. Asked by an interviewer how would define 'composition' as opposed to h own systems of progression, Judd replie 'Typical part-by-part play, as in David Smit or in all earlier painting and art, or Europe art.' Yes, Judd has certainly put Smith behi him and no doubt had to, but for most of u fortunately, old art doesn't wither away ju because there's been another revolution.

David Sweetman

Love in Asia

In double rows, bombs from a B52 opened
like a zip, an obscenity for your birth
that the women shut out, eyes lowered
to Buddha whose golden hands direct only
celestial traffic. We too postpone truth,

blind to the child pregnant with hunger,
yet fail when silver spoons become
base metal in spiced heat and your hair
slips from my hands, the dark brilliance
only a night sky drowning in ricefields.

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Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Human Cinders

The Estuary by ROBERT HOLMAN *Bush*
Barabbas by MICHEL GHELDERODE *Young Vic*
The Stations of the Cross *Young Vic*

Estuary opens in the gentle, bucolic manner we've associated with Robert Holman since he Bush presented his *German Skerries* three ears ago: a hut, a patch of shingle, the flash of an oyster-catcher, the sound of gulls, boats hugging past up the River Tees, a father and on mildly discoursing over their fishing rods. One expects the conversation to continue to rift to and fro like the tide, lapping, rushing, grazing rather than dashing itself gainst any serious matters stuck in its path. But very soon it's apparent that Holman has een listening to those voices which, wisely or nwisely, have advised him to rely less on the nerely suggestive and evocative, more on confrontation and revelation.

The 18-year-old son innocently asks why he asn't any brothers or sisters, and gets some lunter answers than he expected. His parents aven't had sex for years. Mum is frigid, hav- ng been seduced in childhood by nice old randpapa, and dad has a girl-friend, whom e has managed to make pregnant. This is trong stuff; and it seems for a time that Mr Holman's muted style cannot assimilate it. he boy starts to talk about menthol cigaret- es, his exams, his future, and the rent he ould be paying his parents now he is tem- orarily employed upstream at ICI. Consider- ng he's just learned he belongs to a down- arket House of Atreus, he seems quite emarkably unflurried. Is he underreacting, is Mr Holman who underreacts, or does Sarah a Anderson's production lack tension? The nswer comes with yet another piece of off- age sensationalism. The smell of chemicals afts through the air, flames are identified rough the binoculars, ICI's polythene divi- on is on fire, dad may already be a human nder; and Richard Tolan's adolescent at last egins to show all the symptoms of delayed ock and present crisis.

In other words, the play's overt emotions tch up with its subject-matter; and we end th a reconciliation which, though not rhaps wholly plausible, turns out to be sur- singly moving, at any rate to those of us o doggedly try to sustain some belief in arriage, parenthood and the nuclear family. me no doubt will consider Mr Holman's in- nets over-conservative. Some may feel that s understanding of raw middle-age pain is st a bit callow. He is, after all, a very young an himself and (I suspect) still finds it easier identify with sons rather than fathers, let ne mothers. But he remains a dramatist of om considerable things are to be expected, more considerable now that he is attemp- g to extend his emotional reach, and doing in a spirit of such serious discovery. All vils aside, *The Estuary* was well worth per- ming, and is performed pretty well by rk Eden, Paul Dalton and others.

Easter has come strangely late to the Young Vic this year. In the studio, a fledgling company called Cherub seeks with mixed success to reactivate the dwindling reputation of the Belgian Ghelderode by resurrecting a wordy, florid, but stylistically adventurous piece about Barabbas, Barabbas's sense of destiny, Barabbas's mission to avenge Christ, Barabbas's hubris and bombast, and Barabbas's not-unwelcome murder by a clown inexplicably frolicking on the fringe of Calvary; and in the main theatre there's a still odder and more striking passion play. The very name of the group performing it, the Bread and Puppet Theatre of America, should have guaranteed a fat audience. The renown of the piece in question, ten years in the transatlantic repertoire but never before seen in insular England, should have ensured that fat ran to bursting. As it was, the spectators last Friday outnumbered the 17-person cast by just two. If I had been the company, I might have packed those great, gaunt puppets back into their hamper and returned the wholemeal bread they shared with us at the moment of crucifixion to the health-food emporium; but there's clearly character and determination inside those fragile faces and willowy forms, and they gave a performance that had us applauding like 19 times 19.

What makes the situation still more frustrating is that Bread and Puppet's work, baldly described rather than seen, can seem naive and even absurd. Who is going to believe me if I claim to have been moved when the company set toytown people, animals, trees and houses on the stage, while one of its number quietly reads a long and seemingly arbitrary list of nouns, hotels to tigers, gymnasia to butterflies, pigs to beaches, all cumulatively amounting to a compendium of what we'd lose were the big bomb to fall? And which of my sophisticated readers won't wince at the naivety of a giant GI transformed into an angel of death, or shudder at the notion of nailing a 10-foot Christ to a cross that is part-scarecrow, part-bird, part-reptile, part-fish, and all impressionistic B52? Yet the brilliance of the visual effects, the excellence of the plainsong choruses, the unaffected solemnity of the mourners, celebrants, call them what you will, would (I insist) impress harder nuts than me and mine. You can see it all as an updated miracle play, or you can see the Christian iconography as the metaphoric basis for an attack on military-cum-political presumption and an expression of faith in the value and resilience of humanity; but see it you certainly should, whether in its last days in SE1 or somewhere on the tour of the West Country the company is about to undertake. It is, simply, unique.

Television

Julian Barnes

On the Run

Jana Bokova's last TV film was an intimate and sympathetic account of a troupe of Parisian strippers whose theatre was being closed down. Her *Quinn Running* (BBC-1) purported to offer a different form of striptease: the actor, apparently, had been charmed by her request to portray him not as a star — indeed, not a single film clip would be used — but as merely a poor, bare, forked animal. Quinn cooperated enthusiastically in a documentary from which he emerged as domestic, patriarchal, informal, artistic, restless, impulsive, reflective, rude and courtly — just an ordinary sort of famous bloke, in fact: a regular guy with a Gauguin.

But for all the breathy, pauseful readings from his autobiography, for all the 'authenticity' of the film's 'open' technique, Quinn bared himself about as much as any stripper still in pasties, g-string, body paint, tights, long white gloves and peacock headdress can be said to do. At one point he addressed the camera directly, explaining his long and amorous relationship with it, and concluding, 'I don't need you any more.' The film, however, actively proved the reverse: Quinn

metroland

JULIAN BARNES

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was unremittingly conscious of the camera, and actively performing for it, if mostly performing 'being natural'. He even chatted past its eye to 'Jana', and suggested not particularly interesting shots to the cameraman. The more I see 'open' films like this, with the subject allowed to maunder on in the hope of revealing himself, the more I like 'closed' films, where an intelligent interviewer asks cogent questions.

Moreover, one gradually realised that Quinn's whole life, far from being lived careless of the camera, was entirely moulded by it; and he borrowed his self-presenting lines from the million bad scripts he must have ploughed through in his time. There was Quinn as poor boy from Nowhere City: 'I realised I would have to make it with the Mexican-Irish name I was born with — Anthony Quinn' (which bit is Mexican?); Quinn as success story: 'I think my father — he was a great taskmaster — I don't think he would have been too disappointed in me. . . I could walk among kings and queens and princes and not feel unequal'; Quinn as *malentendu:* 'My wife has never really understood what I do for a living'; and Quinn as self-abaser (that's 'abaser'): 'I realised with women I had failed utterly'. However, you can be sure he didn't mean by that last remark what you or I might mean, and many men wouldn't mind a few failures like his. A lot of the time you simply didn't believe him.

And what of the title? Well, it was certainly thoroughly illustrated, with shots of Old Barrel-Chest trundling across the Roman landscape in a sky-blue tracksuit, wheezing through Central Park in red tracksuit trousers, puffing heavily round St James's Park in a dark blue tracksuit: you'd have thought the programme was sponsored by Adidas. Was one meant to conclude merely that Quinn did one hell of a lot of working out? Or were we in the presence of a Metaphor: for instance, the Artist as Man on the Run? Come to think of it, that's just about the right size of cliché for it to be what was intended.

Doris Lessing (BBC-2) was the Artist as Woman on the Run: 63 changes of address in the last 30 years, to be exact. During a gentle and sporadically interesting interview, Ms Lessing declared *The Golden Notebook* 'a failure' (through over-ambition), and made occasional life-and-work connections — for instance, between having a bad time personally and being drawn in her fiction towards idealised landscapes — which Michael Deal pursued less than recklessly. It contained the odd admission (the author agreed she didn't edit enough, that her work had rough patches and longueurs), and also the week's best incongruity. As the voiceover told us of Lessing's interest in SF and Other Worlds, the camera panned slowly along her bookshelves, running over the works of Van Däniken and others. The commentary continued on this theme, but the camera ran out of books, so wandered into the gardening section by mistake: *Grow Your Own Fruit and Vegetables* came up as the wryly inappropriate visual explanation of Ms Lessing's view of alternative worlds, followed, perhaps more appropriately, by a copy of *Nuts.*

In *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* (BBC-2), 17th-century Parma became 19th-century Yorkshire; except that it didn't quite, being filmed in an Oxfordshire house whose date was more appropriate to a 17th-century production (and if Florio were the muck-and-brass baron he was played as, you can be sure he would have carpeted those stairs for a start). Other bits of period-wrenching irked. Would Philotis play Bach cello suites (weren't they rediscovered by Casals?)? If you substitute a cut-throat razor for a dagger in the final act, how does Giovanni kill Annabella so quickly (with a mere slash on the wrist), and then how, armed only with that weapon, does he manage to chop out her heart?

Large bits of text were chopped out as well, and the ending was especially awry. In the original Florio and Soranzo both die, Vasques is banished, and Putana is sentenced to be 'burnt to ashes' for being party to the incest. Justice is as bloody as crime. Still, it's doubtless overpunctilious to bitch about the text: the play remained a rollickingly gory slice of melodrama, with Vasques getting all the best lines, and Tim Pigott-Smith looking gauntly crackers in the part. Kenneth Cranham (*Giovanni*) had better be careful about the name he's making for himself as a fatal lover: only a couple of months ago he was in bed with Kate Nelligan's Thérèse Raquin, and look where that got them; now he bedded Cherie Lunghi's Annabella, and look what happened to them. At the present rate of striking, girls will be chary of taking an onscreen kiss from the guy soon.

In the *Cup Final* (all sensible channels) Margaret Thatcher's green-turbaned get-up duly brought the Irish-based side no luck, and the plot could be summarised in the Wembley banners: Devo Fries Rice; Young Bites Yer Bum; Parkes Safer Than Durex. A Wilson to the reader who can identify the player referred to in the slogan: Hitchcock is Dead But Psycho Plays On. A nerve-wracking but substandard match was won by a half-lucky goal scored by the possessor of a plastics factory and a Finnish wife. The Arsenal substitutee was a student of classical guitar. Sometimes I wonder if we aren't given more information than we need.

Weekend Competition

No 2617 **Set by Mrs C. Goddard**

Extracts, please, from job advertisements or prospectuses for careers as a member of the SAS, a cabinet minister in the present government, TV critic of the NS or professional brothel-keeper. Max. 150 words, by 30 May.

No 2614 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

The nub of any thinker's thoughts in limerick form.

Report **By PC 49**

Being of a philosophical turn of mind, I was gratified by the sight of sweating messengers toiling up the stairs with sack after bulging sack. An intellectual treat in store, I thought. However, after occupying several spells of night-duty by feeding into the shredder all those entries which did not conform to the regulations (that is to say, all the good ideas expressed in non-rhymes and faulty rhythms and all the non-ideas expressed in adequate limerick-form), I had only a disappointingly small sack left. The choice between those remaining was not easy, but after a few more nights of pondering and the occasional toss of a coin, I finally decided to award four each for those printed herewith. I regret to that I have found nothing with quite resonance of the one which has stayed with since my training-school days, the one I mur to myself while perambulating the Complex corridors, the one which beg 'There once was a bishop called Berkeley/ said metaphysically, darkly . . .'

Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury, thought
Life was nasty, brutal and short
But contracts once made
Would come to our aid
And ensure modest comfort — at court.

Said Wittgenstein, 'Don't be misled
What *can* be shown cannot be said.'
He aimed to be sensible,
Not incomprehensible
But wrote the *Tractatus* instead.

PETER ALEXA

Darwin shows us that nature selects
the fit, and the unfit rejects:
But he fails to explain
Why some people remain
Quite ape-like in many respects.

PETER PETE

There was old doctor called Coué,
Who said to his patients, 'J'ai voué,
To cure all your ills
Without any pills,
You just *think* yourselves well — that's the

BOB S

'If you dream,' said the eminent Freud,
'Your Id is in doubt or annoyed
By neurosis complex,
From suppression of sex;
So passions are best if enjoyed.'

RUSSELL M

The Protestant ethic of Weber
Is rather like 'beggar my neighbour':
With Calvinist guile
You must garner your pile
And become an employer of labour.

HENRY PE

The speech act philosopher Searle
Gave his promising theory a whirl;
With the best of intentions
He determined conventions,
Which was one in the I for Husserl.

DEIRDRE BU

Said Plato, 'The things that we feel
Are not ontologically real,
But just the excrescence
Of numinous essence
Our senses can never reveal.'

BASIL RANSOME-D

When your capitalist boss takes his toll
You're a prole up the pole on the dole:
So unite with your pal
Because Dat's capital,
And then we'll have workers' control.

DOMINIC FITZPA

The writings of Friedrich Nietzsche
(An agonised, syph-ridden creature)
In *Helden* exult
And this Superman cult
Is their most deleterious feature.

RUFUS

Charles Darwin exploded the myth
Of Eve as our ancestral kith,
Which brought down the wrath
Of the scandalised cloth,
And he went on the Index forthwith.

STANLEY J. SHA

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Wittgenstein rested his *Tractatus* on proof of the fact
that the world is the place
Where what is is the case.
But later he took it all back.

MARTIN HOLLIS

Schopenhauer is now thought quite queer
Seeing Will where you and I see a beer.
I blame motherly rancour
And his father, a banker,
Who Willed only one hundred a year.

J. H. BENTLEY

I tend to commend Aristotle
For that Plato-inspired starry swot'll
Teach you more with Poetics
For Peripatetics
Than that logic obsessed Paris lot'll.

'If you're aristocratic,' said Nietzsche.
'It's thumbs up, you're OK, pleased to mietzche.
If you're working-class bores
It's thumbs down and up yours,
If you don't know your place then I'll tietzsche.'

GERRY HAMILL

The philosopher Berkeley once said
In the dark to a maid in his bed:
'No perception, my dear,
Means I'm not really here,
But only a thought in your head.'

Cried the maid, 'You must marry me, Hume.'
A statement that made David fume;
He said 'In cause and effect
There is a defect —
That it's mine you can only assume.'

P. W. R. FOOT

Remember, when thoughts are bemusing,
And daily decisions confusing,
That for life existential
The thing that's essential
Is never the choice, but the choosing.

CYRIL HUGHES

That cogito's fine, is it not
For compers — who think quite a lot?
But for those less refined
And of prurient mind
'I screw, hence I am' — and why not?

RICHARD FOOT

Tony Miles

Chess

No 180 **February Problems**

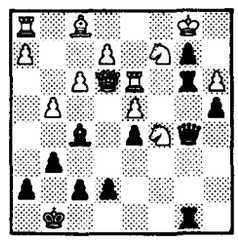
The February problems were a fascinating set. I will deal with the easy three first.

Problem 165 (rlb 1k2r/pp2bn1p/2p3pl/2P1p3/-4P3/2N1B3/PP2B1PP/3R1RK) came from Lukov-Kagan Rio de Janeiro Interzonal 79. White won nicely with 1.N-N5! PxN (if . . . B-Q1; 2.B-QB4 is crushing); 2.BxPch, K-B1; 3.B-R6ch, K-N1; 4.B-QB4 resigns. Actually, perhaps the problem would have been more interesting if Black could castle; then play should run 1.N-N5! 0-0! 2.N-B7, R-N1; 3.B-QB4! with a winning position.

Problem 167 (6k1/R4R2/B4bp1/7p/6P1/5PK1/-1r5r/8) came from the Sweden-Bulgaria match at Skara, Popov-Ornstein if my memory is correct. Black played 40. . . P-N4! and White had to seal. 41.P-B4 is the only way to avoid immediate mate, but Black has . . . R(N7)-KB7! 42.PxRP (or PxNP, P-R5mate) R(R7)-N7ch; 43.K-R3, P-N5mate. So, given that Black had all night and a team of analysts to find this, White resigned. Of course Black could just win the exchange with 40. . . P-R5ch; 41.K-B4, R-N5ch; 42.K-K3, B-Q5ch, but I could hardly give this full credit when there is a forced mate.

Problem 169 (4Bk2/2b3p1/7P/5K1P/8/2p5/8/8) was, of course, an endgame study. White wins by 1.P-R7, P-N3ch (on . . . P-B7 Mr McSheehy points out the ultra-precise 2.K-K6!); 2.K-B6! B-K4ch (forced); 3.KxB, K-N2; 4.PxP (but not 4.BxP with two wrong RPs - draw - nor 4.P-R8 = Qch, KxQ; 5.PxP, K-N2!), P-B7; 5.P-R8 = Qch! KxQ; 6.K-B6, P-B8 = Q; 7.P-N7ch, K-R2 (or K-N1; 8.B-B7ch etc); 8.B-N6ch, K-R3; 9.P-N8 = N mate!

Problem 168 (see diagram) was a gem of a combination from a game Teichmann v A.N. Other Zurich 1920. What surprised me most about the position is that I had never seen it before. Whether the same can be said of the solvers I do not know.

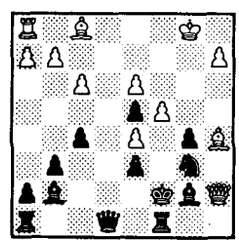


White has already sacrificed a piece and now produces a lovely idea to break the blockade of the P(N7):- 1. RxP! (1.Q-B5 was suggested by some, but after . . . B-N2 White has nothing clear), NxR (R-R8ch was threatened and if . . . RxR; 2.BxNch); 2.Q-N5, N-B2 (to defend against the twin threats of Q-Q8ch and QxN-R8); 3.Q-Q8ch!! (a fantastic concept — giving up the queen for just one precious tempo and simultaneously re-pinning the R and blocking Black's back rank), NxQ; 4.P-R6 and Black, a queen, rook and knight ahead, resigned because of the unstoppable threat of 5.P-R7ch.

In fact, as Mr J. D. Taylor points out, he could offer further resistance with 4. . . Q-B1! 5.P-R7ch, K-B2 (. . . KxP; 6.PxQ = Q wins); 6.PxQ = Qch, KxQ; 7.P-R8 = Qch; K-K2; 8.BxR, N(5)xB (if N(1)xB, R-N8 wins); 9.R-N6 but White's sustained initiative should decide, since Black cannot really untangle his pieces. A couple of examples: (a) 9. . . P-Q3; 10.Q-R4ch, K-K1; 11.R-N8ch, N-B1; 12.Q-R5ch (or RxNch), K-K2; 13.Q-N5ch, K-K1; 14.Q-N6ch winning. (b) 9. . . B-N2; 10.QxP, N-B2 (trying to activate the R); 11.Q-B6ch, K-B1; 12.R-R6, K-N1; 13.Q-N6ch, K-B1; 14.R-R7, N(3)-N4; 15.R-R5, N-K3; 16.R-KB5, N-Q1; 17.Q-B6 and Black is hopelessly tied up (R-B1-N1 or R1 will follow). I will deal with problem 166 next week.

Problem 180

White to play is a whole R + N ahead, but Black's crude assault seems to be causing some trouble. What should he play and how should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 28 May.

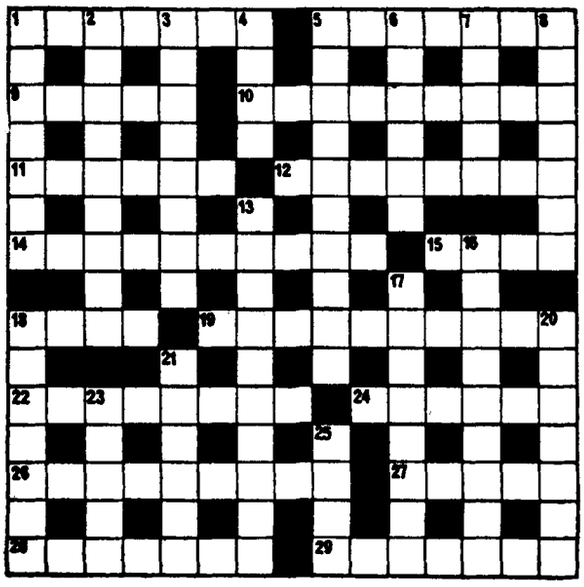


Solution to problem 178

1.R-QB5! (threatening R-B7), R-KN1 (if . . . QxR, 2.RxPch, or 1. . . R-R2; 2.R-B8! and there is no defence to 3.RxRPch! and 4.R-R8mate, or 1. . . R-Q1; 2.R-B7, R-Q2; 3.R-B8 with the same idea); 2.R-B7, Q-B1; 3.K-R2 and when Black runs out of pawn mates he is zugzwang. My source gives 3. . . P-R5; 4.B-R1, P-R6; 5.B-K5, P-R7; 6.B-R1, P-Q5; 7.BxP, P-R8 = Q; 8.BxQ end. However 7. . . Q-N5 worries me a little (8.B-K5, Q-K8) but I'm sure some diligent NS solver will explain what's happening!

Weekend Crossword 1343

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1343, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 27 May.



ACROSS

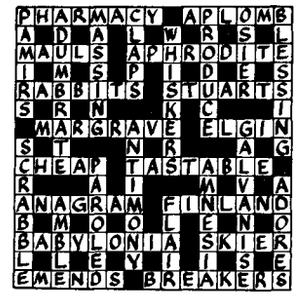
1 Lots of whales so lochs are disturbed (7).
5 Plant which may be transformed into a big one (7).
9 Bump and snatch back a point (5).
10 Produces a rent by valuation in a varied scale (9).
11 Fruit as being without seed (6).
12 Story-teller nears end in confusion (8).
14 Welcomes mountain book in bad weather (10).
15 'His — being seven ages' (*As You Like It*) (4).
18 'Chill penury repress'd their noble — (Gray) (4).
19 Treaties in which an article welcomes including people (10).
22 Head-first swindlers (8).
24 Related to a rich man who has lost a thousand (6).
26 Torrent after changing course within embankment (9).
27 Go up for more money (5).
28 Where men go astray in the gloom (7).
29 Goes slow for workers (7).

DOWN

1 Day when graduates go up to university (7).
2 Distressing work on the land (9).
3 There is no sense parking untidily in an exposed situation (8).
4 Market town? (4).
5 Old-timer who paralyses the defence? (4,6).
6 Place of retreat from danger (6).
7 The wind for others (5).
8 Agreements would be advantages if the north were left out (7).
13 Dangerous place for sailors to deposit money confronted by pursuer (6,4).
16 Singing style which may give it balance (9).
17 He goes abroad with a record allowance? (8).
18 A man married and was given a fresh start (7).
20 They look for oriental king among prophets (7).
21 Girl who gives a learner in turn the wind up (6).
23 Stick and don't declare (5).
25 Beat friends up (4).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1341



Prizewinners to No 1341

Neil Drysdale (W. Lothian)
M. Jones (Woodford Green)
B. Daubney (Melton Mowbray)

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London Weekend Television

requires a
Researcher
to work on its arts programme
THE SOUTH BANK SHOW

Applicants should be able to provide original and vigorous ideas about the arts and arts programmes. Applicants should also be able to work on a wide range of other programmes in London Weekend's Features Department. Some experience in television or journalism is preferred. The successful candidate can expect a year's contract.

Please apply with full curriculum vitae, to:
Helen Auty, Staff Officer,
London Weekend Television,
South Bank Television Centre,
Kent House, Upper Ground, London SE1.

British Volunteer Programme
Executive Secretary

Administrator/researcher required to service the four volunteer sending societies within the BVP. Job includes facilitating cooperation on matters of common concern and debate within the BVP on development issues, through committees, seminars, and some research, as well as substantial general administration.
Preference will be given to candidates with overseas volunteer experience and knowledge of development issues. Previous administrative experience essential.
Salary around £5,500 p.a.
Job specification from and applications to:
David Collett, Chairman BVP Committee,
9 Belgrave Square, London SW1.
Closing date for applications **2 June 1980.**

SCHOOLS COUNCIL PUBLICATIONS

BOOK EDITOR

Qualifications: Editorial publishing experience, especially technical/educational/academic books. Writing experience and production knowledge useful.

Salary scale: £4,900 to £6,745 plus £780 London Weighting. Non-contributory pension scheme available.

Further information and application form from:
Mrs. A. Stewart, Schools Council, 160 Great Portland Street, London W1N 6LL. Tel: 01-580 0352. Ext 351.

Final date for receipt of applications, 30 May 1980.

BANKING, INSURANCE AND FINANCE UNION
Appointment of
Trade Union Organiser
for the
WEST MIDLANDS AREA

Applications are invited from persons of suitable qualifications and Trade Union background for the above post. Commencing salary £4839 p.a. on scale rising to £5931 p.a. (Salary review July 1980) The successful applicant will be based on the Midlands Office situated in central Birmingham. Car provided, good holidays and Conditions of Service.

Please apply for application form and Job Description to

John James, National Organiser,
BIFU, 102 Bute Street, Cardiff. CF1 6AD.

All application forms to be completed and returned by

FRIDAY, 6 JUNE 1980.

UNIVERSITY OF HONG KONG

Posts in Urban Studies/ Urban Planning

Applications are invited for six posts in Urban Studies/Urban Planning, one in each of the following fields: urban planning; law; urban economics; urban geography; urban politics and administration; urban sociology or anthropology.
One appointment will be made at Reader/Senior Lecturer level and the other five at Lecturer/Assistant Lecturer level. The appointments will be made at least initially to the Schools of Architecture and Law and the Departments of Economics, Geography and Geology, Political Science, and Sociology, but the appointees will be expected to contribute to the graduate programmes in Urban Studies and Urban Planning organized by the Centre of Urban Studies, in addition to teaching other courses within their respective Schools and Departments. The appointees will also become Fellows of the Centre of Urban Studies and will be expected to undertake research in Urban Studies/Urban Planning. Applicants for the Urban Planning post should possess professional membership of TPI or equivalent.
Annual salaries (superannuable) are:

Reader	HK$114,180 × 4,740 – 123,660 × 4,680 – 151,740
Senior Lecturer	HK$109,440 × 4,740 – 123,660 × 4,680 – 147,060
Lecturer	HK$70,440 × 4,740 – 79,920 BAR 84,600 × 4,740 – 103,560 – 108,240 × 4,740 – 117,720
Assistant Lecturer	HK$51,300 × 4,800 – 65,700

(£1 = HK$11.00 approx.). Starting salary will depend on qualifications and experience.
At current rates, salaries tax will not exceed 15% of gross income. Housing at a rental of 7½% of salary, education allowance, long leave and medical benefits are provided.
Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from **the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF,** or from **the Recruitment Section, Secretary's Office, University of Hong Kong, Hong Kong.**
The closing date for applications is **30 June 1980.**

WORKERS' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION
West Midland District

Tutor Organiser for Birmingham's Inner City

Applications are invited for this new post created to help develop community education within the poorer area of the inner city.
Applicants should have a degree or equivalent qualification, and experience in community education or similar involvement in an urban context will be a definite advantage.
The appointment funded by the DES with additional support from trust funds, will be for 2-3 years in the first instance while permanent funding is sought.
Salary according to age, experience and qualifications; Scale 1 £3,918 to £4,224. Scale 11 £4,389, to £7,686 (under review – substantial increases due).
Appointment to commence as soon as possible; further particulars and forms from:
The District Secretary, 9-11 Digbeth, Birmingham B5 6BH
Closing date **30 May**

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University of London
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(Term Time Only)

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Candidates should have good shorthand and typing speeds and an ability to work with initiative and enthusiasm. A part-time secretary is also employed to assist in the work. 35 hour week during term time only. Salary scale rises to £5,678 per annum inclusive of £740 London Allowance.
Applications, giving full details, to the President, Students' Union, Chelsea College, University of London, Manresa Road, London SW3 6LX, as soon as possible, or for more details 'phone 01-351 1689.

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MAYDAY HOSPITAL

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General Hospital,
London Road, Croydon CR9 2RH
giving full details of age, experience, etc.

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Committed Booksellers
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London WC2H OBZ

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TRADE UNION MOVEMENT. Wanted drama/documentary film actors & actresses v organisational experience in the trades un movement and/or the Labour Party. Please ap to Box 8427.

LSE STUDENTS' UNION require Financial As tant, in small WC2 accounts department. Bc keeping, ledger, PAYE experience essential. Sa approx. £4,100 plus LVs. For further details tel. 405 1977.

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The Organiser will head a small staff to run a national disability rights service, edit and write handbooks and research pamphlets, and concert the activities of member organisations on behalf of the right to a higher income. Knowledge of social security preferable and experience of research an advantage.

Salary up to £7,000 depending on experience. Apply by 2 June 1980 to:

Irene Loach, Disability Alliance, 1 Cambridge Terrace, London NW1 4JL (Tel: 01-935 4992),

from whom further details may be obtained.

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SCHOOL OF ECONOMIC STUDIES

Applications are invited for a post of **RESEARCH FELLOW** in the above School. The appointment will be made for a fixed period of up to three years. Applicants should have post-doctoral research experience preferably in the field of Trade Union history and a knowledge and understanding of the Trade Union movement.

The post is supported by the Yorkshire Area of the National Union of Mineworkers and has been established o facilitate the compilation of the first volume of the history of the Yorkshire miners since 1881. The successful applicant will work with Professor V. L. Allen and have the status of co-author with scope for considerable research and writing initiative.

Salary at an appropriate point on the IA scale for Research and Analogous Staff £5052-£8769) according to age, qualifications and experience.

Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from **The Registrar, The University of Leeds, Leeds LS2 9JT** quoting reference number 31/29/H. Closing date for applications **10 June 1980.**

UNIVERSITY OF EXETER

CENTRE FOR ARAB GULF STUDIES

Research Assistant

pplications are invited for the vacancy f Research Assistant in the Centre for rab Gulf Studies. Applicants are equired to have a knowledge of the iddle East, and preference may be ven to those possessing a knowledge f Arabic. The Primary responsibility of e research assistant will be the cquisition, organisation and ataloguing of documentation of the iddle East. Facilities may be offered r the successful applicant to register r a postgraduate degree in the niversity.

ne appointment will be for one year in e first instance, with the possibility of tension, and may commence as early is practicable. Salary will be within e range £4,404-£5,052 p.a., and the ost will be superannuated.

tters of application, enclosing rricula vitae and the names of two ferees, should be sent to **ie Secretary, Centre for Arab Gulf udies, University of Exeter, ornlea, New North Road, Exeter,** on or before **30 May 1980.**

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SECRETARY

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Can YOU help us with our research?

Further information from

John Dennis or Jenny Griffiths on 01-407 7600 ext. 2999. Applications (no forms) to the Secretary, Guy's Hospital Medical School, London Bridge, SE1 9RT.

Please quote Ref. UH.

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CHEAP, SMALL London W6 house, garden & 3 cats, to let 4/5 weeks between 19 July-30 Aug. 1/2 persons for £30/£35 p.w. incl. & care of aforesaid house, garden & cats. Genuine cat lovers only. Box 8360.

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SURBITON. 16 mins Waterloo. 3 bdrm town house. £75 p.w. Leatherhead 72619.

Wanted

ARTIST/EDITOR, responsible female, late 20s seeks working/living space, starting June. Prefer s/c., but will share if privacy guaranteed. Call Vicky 734 4611 day or 221 1651 eve.

FRIENDLY SOCIALIST researcher, working in radical publishing, seeks cheap room/flat share. Tel. Dave 253 7269 (work) 802 2630 (home).

CANADIAN LAW PROFESSOR, 31, on sabbatical, sks furnished accom., for two. Central London area. 1 Aug-31 Dec. 1980. B. Reiter, Faculty of Law, U. of Toronto, 78 Queen's Park Cres., Toronto, Canada M5S 1A1.

POSTGRADUATES & 1st degree students require rooms, flats, houses now & from October, Ring London School of Economics, 405 7686 ext. 468 mornings only or ext. 607 anytime.

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CHILDCARE — Peckham, SE15. Responsible, warm person to care for 2 children (2½, 1). Equivalent of 3 days p.w. 01-732 9604 Sunday onwards.

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PROFESSIONAL MAN, slim and fit, medium height, youthful 62, healthy libido, just returned from Australia. Keen sense of humour, interests include the arts, current affairs, theatre, music, golf, swimming, good food & wine, stimulating conversation, keeping fit. Seeking intellectually & physically compatible slim lady about 45-50 for permanent romantic relationship, pref. interested in following the sun by motor caravan along the Mediterranean during the winter sharing expenses. Nationality & religion unimportant. Please give tel. no. Box 8414.

GRADUATE, just retired, financially independent, considerate, even tempered, simple life style, would so very much like to meet a compatible, intelligent and cultured lady. Box 8358.

PROF. F. ARTIST, 59, seeks companionship of m., enthusiast for Thoreau, Annie Dillard, visual & literary arts, to share exploration eyes open. Box 8328.

ENGLISH DOCTOR, single, 39, considered attractive, likes music, animals, well travelled, seeks smart, attractive young female. Box 8322.

AMERICAN JOURNALIST youthful 60, retiring to England, sks trim, worldly woman to 55, for meaningful relationship. Box 8247.

JEWISH WIDOW, 60s, own home & car, enjoys music, conversation and laughter. Seeks refined gentleman for happiness and companionship. Box 8452.

FRENCH PROF. LADY, tall, attractive, intell., dynamic, would like to find companion, 40/50, and work out with him a true, frank beautiful relationship. Waiting in Box 8349.

INTELLIGENT, sensitive lady, youthful 45, travelled. Warm nature, good appearance, loyal, wishes share all-round interests: musical, sporting, intellectual, cultural, world, social — and love of travel, animals, laughter, beauty, justice, with similar fair-minded, honourable gentleman. Genuine friend. Box 8434.

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The course has been designed for experienced psychologists, psychiatrists, social workers and other professionals. Its aim is to develop and improve the quality of the practice of group psychotherapy.
Each evening will consist of two sessions: the first will be a lecture/seminar on basic concepts of group analysis and its practical application; the second will be in small experiential groups conducted by experienced group psychotherapists.
Candidates are accepted by personal interview/s only.

Application forms from:
London Centre for Psychotherapy, 19 Fitzjohns Avenue, London, NW3 5JY.
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Fees: Registration: £5 Course: £200 p.a.

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HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. 'The Hothouse' by Harold Pinter, dir. by Harold Pinter. Designer Eileen Diss. 'A Plum. Pinter at his best' E. News. *'Hilarious and very dark'* John Lahr. 'Some of the funniest scenes Pinter has ever written' D. Tel. Mon.-Sat. 8 p.m. mat. 4.30 p.m.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'Sisterly Feelings', 'The Browning Version/Harlequinade', 'When We Are Married', 'Early Days'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

THE OLD VIC. 20-31 May Theatermanufactur, Berlin present Murieta/Johann fauftus. 20, 24, 30 May 7 p.m. 26 May 6.30 p.m. All other performances 7.30 p.m. 'I have never seen a fauftus like this . . . Such tremendously exact acting'. Berlin newspaper.

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). Derek Jarman's 'The Tempest' (AA) 2.55, 5.05, 7.15, 9.25.

Meetings

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON (Gower St, WC1E 6BT). The Dorothea Coke Memorial Lecture in Northern Studies by Mrs Ursula Dronke, 'The Role of Sexual Themes in Njáls Saga'. Tuesday 27 May at 6p.m. Gustave Tuck Theatre. Admission Free, Without Ticket.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Robert Sheldon MP on 'The Outlook for the British Economy' at Mary Ward House, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1 on Wed. 21 May 7.30 p.m. All welcome.

AFRICA CENTRE, 38 King Street, WC2. 21 May at 6.30 p.m. discussion on 'The Establishment of a Regional Commission on Human Rights for Africa'. Ring 01-836 1973 for details.

MARCH AGAINST THE MISSILES. Rally at Upper Heyford Nuclear Base. Sat. 17 May 2 p.m. Coach from London 10.30 a.m. from Pancras Road by Kings Cross Stn. Return fare £3. Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, 29 Gt James St, WC1. 01-242 0362/3.

TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION: Free Introductory Lectures weekly at 36 Craven Street, WC2; Enquiries: 839 5723. Also at Kensington Central Library every Monday 8pm.

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LAW CENTRES FEDERATION Day Conference on 'Democracy and Legal Rights'. Saturday 31 May 1980 10.30-3.30. William Collins School, Charrington Street, London SW1. Speakers: D Archer (National Tenants Organisation), Vishnu Sharma, John Hose (NUAAW), Ben Birnbaum (Law Centres Federation). Credentials from Law Centres Federation, 164 North Gower St, NW1. (01-387 8570). £2.50 including lunch.

BIRMINGHAM FABIANS 23 May, 7.30 p.m. Winterbourne, Edgbaston Park Rd. Dr Harry Stopes-Roe 'Facts, values and nuclear power'. Details: 8 Park Hill Rd, B17.

ICA EVENTS, THE MALL, SW1. 17 May 10.30-6.30, 18 May 12.15-7.00 A Weekend Seminar on Pornography in Cinema and the Visual Arts. Discussions led by Griselda Pollock, John Ellis, Pam Cook and Richard Dyer. Tickets £6.50 Advance Booking; 21 May 7.30 Towards A Nuclear Future Series — Brian Johnson on the International Politics of Nuclear Power; 22 May 7.30 The Playwrights Co-operative present 'Thieves' by Irene Coates, directed by Nick Hamm. Tickets £1. 930 3647.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk, Sun 18 May 8 *p.m. 'Good and Evil'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens,* London W2 3AL.

Courses

Key Issues in Islamic Economics

A six-lecture course

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Starting from **20 August.**

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IMMEDIATE ADVANCES. £100-£25,000. Regional Trust Ltd. 8 Clifford St, New Bond St, London W1. 01-734 5983 or 2914.

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